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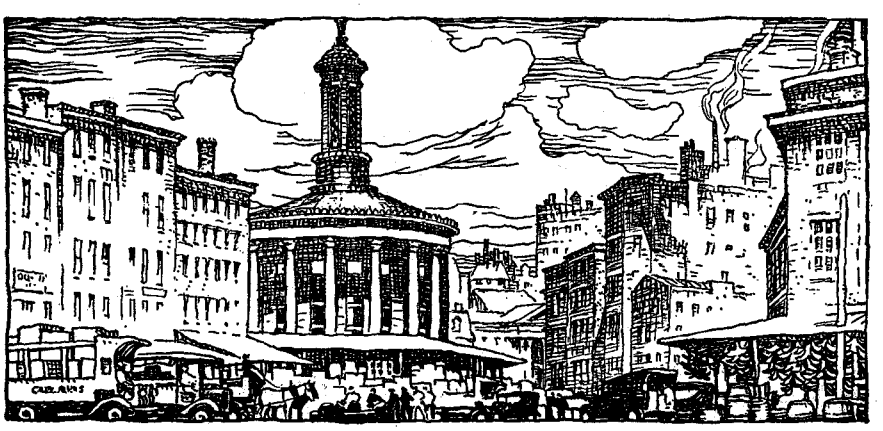
F O R U M
and Century

JUNE, 1940 VOL. CIII, NO. 6

The Real Philadelphia Story



by **MARQUIS W. CHILDS and JOHN COBURN TURNER**

DEADER THAN Philadelphia on a Sunday afternoon" is a locution well-imbedded in our vernacular. Time out of mind, America's third city has been the placid butt of parlor wits and music-hall comedians whose mere mention of the name has sufficed to conjure up a vision of somnolence verging on coma. None, however, has made so bold as to suggest that Philadelphia might actually be undergoing physical disintegration or that the "dry rot eating at her vitals" could be other than metaphoric.

But the incredible fact is that just such a disintegration is taking place, openly and for all to see, at this very moment. Two vital city services, involving two of the most primitive factors in man's existence, are crumbling into shreds: water supply and fire protection are on the point of disappearing altogether from the Philadelphia scene. In addition, the present inefficiency and unreliability of the police department render it a third hazard to the process of living in Philadelphia.

Bankruptcy, not unnaturally, is the immediate cause of this state of affairs — the bankruptcy which has been advancing for twenty years and more, on the heels of corrupt administration and the peculiarly vicious form of municipal machine politics which thrives in the American climate of opinion. Philadelphia is not, of course, the only city in America thus afflicted, but the aura of complacency and respectability which has always surrounded her has also kept the truth of the matter well-blanketed. The city does hold the dubious distinction, though, of being the only one of our many machine-ridden communities wherein life itself is threatened as a direct result of political mismanagement.

The Philadelphia machine is and has been the property of the "best" people, the trust-funded and the well-to-do; the questionable

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benefits derived from it have directly or indirectly gratified not so much the ambitious politician or the privilege-seeking entrepreneur as the established property holder whose primary interest is the preservation of the *status quo*. It is perhaps noteworthy that this city machine is Republican, while parallel organizations in other major cities are predominantly Democratic. While the two parties are in most respects mutually indistinguishable, the particular brand of property conservatism espoused by the G.O.P. in Philadelphia is undeniably based on ownership of longer and somewhat more patrician standing. Translated into terms of Philadelphia politics, this does not mean that the ward heeler in the City of Brotherly Loot is any less resolutely proletarian than his Tammany counterpart but rather that his ultimate bosses exist in a social stratum to which he has no hope of attaining.

In addition, the past three or four decades have seen the migration of almost all these best people to the handsome suburbs that ring the city — Radnor, Wynnewood, Bryn Mawr, Elkins Park, Germantown, Chestnut Hill. This flight from the highly assessed midtown areas has caused a dismal slump in property-tax returns, for which the city has found no effective substitute. Too, this hegira has led to an even greater civic apathy, on the part of the rich and influential, than existed before. The most loyal upper-class Philadelphian will generally admit, freely and with a sort of perverse pride, that the city itself is only a necessary evil, incident to the pursuit of the more gracious life along the Main Line. A clear field is thus left open for municipal corruption.

The present Republican leaders are Joseph W. Pew, Jr., oil millionaire, and Jay Cooke, of the Philadelphia banking family, who is a candidate for the United States Senate. Neither man is a boss in the sense that Vare or Durham or Quay were bosses, but control of their party in the city and in the State is nonetheless tightly held. These, however, are men of established wealth and position quite independent of politics, and there inevitably arises the question why they and others of their kind are willing to participate in or idly watch the devious processes of a city machine which is as patently dishonest as any in America.

The principal answer seems to lie in the field of national politics. Philadelphia has for so many years bellwethered the State into automatic Republican victories that recent defections into the Democratic column have thrown a considerable scare into those long accustomed to rule. With a national election in prospect, the necessity for re-establishing G.O.P. suzerainty in Philadelphia is distressingly urgent. The recent last-ditch mayoral campaign, in which the Republican Judge Lamberton (saddled with the sorry record of S. Davis Wilson, his recently deceased predecessor) won over a Democratic-Fusion candidate by the narrowest of margins, may be considered primarily as an anti–New Deal demonstration by this fiercely conservative, Roosevelt-hating clique.

Largely for the sake of this national prestige, then, they seem quite willing to leave the city herself to the tender mercies of the professional politicians, who are apparently asked only to get out the vote and who are then turned loose on the civic machinery.

Inefficiency Plus

Let us see how the politicians have run the machinery and in what condition they can submit it for inspection.

To begin with, the water system is breaking down simultaneously on two fronts — filtration and distribution.

The city water has long been notably chemical-laden and unpalatable, but on recent occasions it has become actually foul, running blackish and murky from the taps, owing apparently to coal-culm pollution at the headwaters of the Schuylkill, whence derives a large proportion of the city's supply. The five sand-bed filtration plants, which purify all the city's water, function on the principle of allowing suspended particles in the water to permeate the sand, accumulating into a thick, coagulated layer of material which rests on top of the sand filters and which must be cleaned out at stated intervals. Obviously, if the cleaning is neglected, the filters become clogged, sometimes to the point of total stoppage.

This point has now been reached, for the simple reason that the plants have been so grievously understaffed as to make adequate cleaning impossible. Although the city takes in almost seven million dollars yearly in water rents, the Council has seen fit to allocate only two millions for the operation of the Water Bureau. One and a half millions go for service

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charges on the water bonds, and the remaining three and a half millions are used for general city purposes.

Officials of the Bureau insist that the supply is and will be adequate to meet all ordinary needs but have failed to deny repeated charges that any unusual strain, such as a prolonged storm resulting in increased sedimentation, would precipitate a breakdown. This would result in a triple hazard — to health, to fire protection, and to all industrial processes dependent on water.

Paralleling the filtration problem, the distribution system has also fallen on evil days. The diagnosis is easily reached: the permanent equipment, for want of periodic servicing and repairs, is crumbling away. Old age and decay have overtaken (often prematurely) many of the water mains, which have begun to burst one by one. Entire neighborhoods are flooded; traffic is stopped; pavements are damaged; water pressure is cut far below the safety limit, with occasional stoppage of all supply. Within a fortnight during January, seventy-two water mains were reported burst, with a total of nineteen in one day alone.

All this leaves the fire department high and very dry indeed. It is not unusual for the firemen, connecting their hose to hydrants which should yield 75 pounds of pressure, to be greeted by a piddling 35. A recent fire at an orphanage, the Southern Home for Destitute Children, resulted in total destruction of the building and the providential escape of ninety-one children; the engineers of St. Agnes' Hospital, two blocks south, took the occasion to issue dire predictions of what might happen when *their* turn came.

The immediate cause of the pressure situation (aside from actual water-main failure) is faulty hydrants. Philadelphia fireplugs are inspected only once a year, so the depreciation rate is high; and it has recently been discovered that 5,000 of the city's 22,000 plugs are defective to the point of utter uselessness.

Not long ago a house in the Frankford area burned down in the middle of a wintry night while firemen raced about the neighborhood to find a fire hydrant that would function. The fire was eventually put out with chemicals.

An enterprising newspaperman meanwhile discovered, rusting away in a vacant lot, one thousand new fireplugs purchased by Mayor Wilson's administration but never installed. Since the Wilson administration was succeeded on January 1 by Judge Lamberton's, the new Water Bureau chief was not a little irked to have the responsibility for these ghostly relics summarily thrust on him. But why, he was asked, couldn't they *now* be put in service? He answered, with what passes for embarrassment in Philadelphia civic circles, that this couldn't possibly be done, for lack of employees. Where, then, were the employees? They were busy repairing broken water mains.

Protests, however futile, are regularly made by citizens' groups. A recent petition, circulated by the West Oak Lane Community Association, bore five thousand names when presented by a delegation to the City Council. Effectively summing up the average citizen's reaction to these intolerable conditions, it said:

> We are advised by physicians not to drink the city water. Now, in addition, we are threatened with the possible loss of our property because of lack of sufficient water pressure and equipment. We realize that you gentlemen are about to tell us you have no money to improve the system. It is about time we quit getting that answer and are informed of the definite plan to completely or partially rehabilitate the water system.

The fire department (or Bureau of Fire as it is quaintly termed in Philadelphia) has legitimate grievances and can cite the manifold derelictions of the Water Bureau as cause for much of its present inefficiency. Clearly, fires cannot be fought without water, but other factors should by no means be overlooked. The fire-fighting equipment is in itself antiquated, often to the point of grim humor. Still in use are fire trucks and high-pressure hose wagons with over a quarter-century's service.

One such wagon, which has by now been dubbed Old Faithful by the long-suffering firemen, was recently sent from its ancestral home on Fourth Street to another "stable" at Sixth and Locust, on the ground that its native heaths were now "too hilly." The recipients, Company 32, kept the veteran for a decent period, catering to its crotchets and priming its engine at every start from a bottle of gasoline customarily stored behind one of its ancient fenders. At last they rebelled, however, and sent the wagon home. "We're tired of nursing Old Faithful," they said.

These deficiencies have come about through sins of political omission. The sins of political

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commission, however, have also been plentiful.

A recent grand-jury investigation disclosed the fact that experienced and competent men had been replaced with political favorites. One deserving Republican, given the command of a city fireboat, proved so ignorant of navigation that he was unable to bring his boat within range of a fire if there was any wind whatever.

The grand jury's report stated:

> Politics, petty jealousies and internal strife run rampant in the Bureau of Fire. The consequent demoralization is reflected in the greatly reduced efficiency of the bureau, and it is only because reports of certain large fires have been omitted from statistics given to the public that the showing of the bureau . . . appears as good as it is stated to be.

So much for the evidences of physical deterioration in the city.

The October Grand Jury

How, then, did the underlying political forces work, and what, if anything, has been done to curb them?

Civic reform in Philadelphia has been the fruitless and thankless concern of a very few men. The cycle of corruption and reform through which most of our city governments travel has never become established there. Investigations are sometimes made, and findings are published — but no one is thrown out of office; nobody ever goes to jail; and nothing gets changed.

The most recent of such attempts, abortive though it may have been, has produced at least some startling facts, painstakingly checked and documented, forcefully reported.

The relation of vice and crime to the agencies of law enforcement was the subject of the investigation launched in 1937 and lasting well into 1939. Clearly following the technique developed by Thomas E. Dewey in New York, the now famous "October Grand Jury" of the Quarter Sessions Court of Philadelphia County sat for seventeen months, examining hundreds of witnesses in an extensive effort not to prosecute the madams and bookies and the number bankers who passed before it but to establish the links between these people and the political sources of the protection essential to them.

The Grand Jury had the good fortune to be presided over by Judge Curtis Bok, an aggressive and intelligent champion of civic reform, whose forthright instructions and summations were free of moralizing and of judicial weasel words. His entire sympathy with the aims of the investigation, and his sophisticated, pragmatic approach effectively overcame many of the legalistic obstructions which would otherwise have hampered it.

The end product of the investigation was the publication of a 276-page summation, which is nothing less than a textbook on the crime-politics relationship in a metropolitan area. It focuses, of course, primarily on the police department and includes many specific recommendations in cases of complicity or negligence on the part of patrolmen, officers, and bureau chiefs. But in more general terms it summarizes the findings of the Grand Jury and sets forth the Jury's philosophical position:

> Criminals and quasi-criminals to function most effectively must ally themselves with the political party controlling the police, the party which has the power to terminate their criminal activities. Nearly every professional criminal and dishonest shopkeeper is known to the police, even though in the absence of complaint and identification by a citizen no particular efforts may be made to cause his arrest. But if that criminal or quasi-criminal should ally himself against the party controlling the police, it would not be long before his movements and activities would be carefully and continually scrutinized, thereby forcing him to abandon his means of livelihood or else jeopardize his liberty.
>
> If the same political party controls both the police and the magistrates' courts, then the situation is indeed intolerable, since with the one it can take away liberty and with the other, restore it justly or unjustly.
>
> The honest and independent citizen, looking upon the situation, sees serious crimes and habitual criminals going unpunished. When one is arrested for some trivial violation, passing a red light, failing to stop at a "stop" sign, parking and the like, he enters a magistrate's court and sees many, whose violations were more serious, discharged without punishment upon political intercession, while he is compelled to pay a fine and costs because "he has no friends."

In terms of arrests, indictments, and convictions the investigation resulted in flat failure. The city police, the principal subject of discussion, were openly hostile and arrested a grand total of one person indicted as a result of the Grand Jury's findings. State troopers, relatively unfamiliar with the metropolitan area, had to be pressed into service to aid investigators. Funds were withheld by the State government after it had promised its support, and the investigation's ultimate collapse came shortly after the return of the Republicans to State power.

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Although 343 indictments were returned, no offender of any importance has been prosecuted. Traditional Philadelphian inertia accounts for the present freedom of many. Mayor Wilson, to whose activities a special section of the report was devoted, providentially died before the evidence of his acceptance of large "loans" from individuals and corporations could be used against him.

Characteristically, Judge Bok shouldered the blame for the failure. Although he had labored under few illusions as to the practical results of such an investigation, he apparently felt that a Grand Jury financially secure and protected from the forays of the press might have accomplished something. He blamed himself for not having made doubly sure of an adequate "war chest"; he taxed the press with willingness to take "the ephemeral story of today in favor of the lasting benefit and better story of tomorrow."

He said in his final statement:

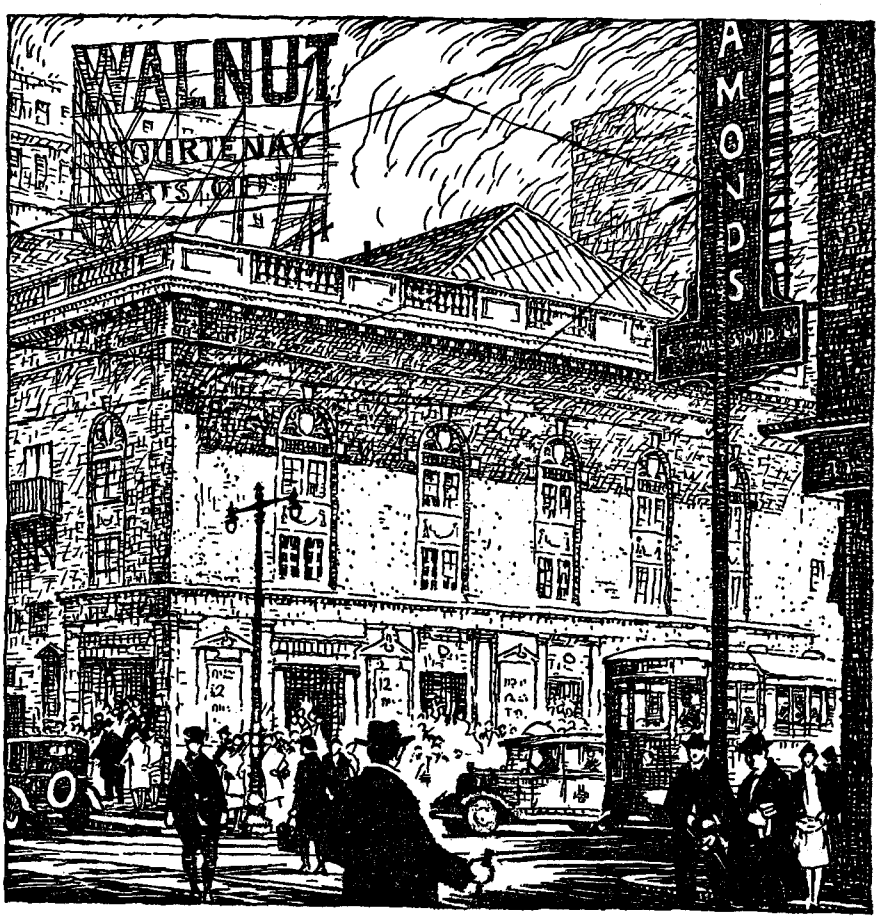
> The special grand jury's work is far from finished. It has heard evidence that high city officials have both handled and received the "pay-off," but it has been curtailed before it could develop that evidence to a point to warrant indictments, and it is therefore unfair to name them. The jury and I know that there are "sensations" lying just beneath the surface sufficient to swamp us in printer's ink for days. . . . The purpose of this investigation has been steadily misunderstood. It was not primarily to catch criminals, it was not to prosecute the rackets, it was not a crusade by the white knights of reform. It was fundamentally to disclose whether or not our local government had been purchased by organized crime, and no one who reads the painstaking and voluminous record of the grand jury and its presentments can doubt there is evidence that certain public officials have been purchased. The national proportion of known criminals to the population is a little under three per cent. The same local proportion would give Philadelphia 50,000 criminals—most of them with votes and many of them with the money and power of national organized crime behind them.
>
> The public can be sure that this bloc of 50,000 criminals has its patrons in public office. The jury knows it, the jury is the public in miniature and the jury has been properly horrified. If the rest of the public doesn't wake up to the size and power of organized crime, it will find itself ruled by robbers who do not even make a pretense of public service. This can happen here too — Chicago can tell us a lot about it.

Touching Bottom

It might be added that the new Lamberton administration has held things down a bit, especially in the fields of gambling and vice — while it did beat the reform slate, the victory was by a margin of perilously few votes. It is jittery and cautious, but its zeal for clean government has not extended to making any basic changes in the police setup. Indeed, the city's immediate problems quite overshadow anything so academic as the need for an honest police force. Philadelphia needs cash — now!

Just how bankrupt *is* Philadelphia? The citing of figures won't really answer that. A city is bankrupt when she can no longer raise enough in taxes to amortize her debts and hence can get no further credit.

Philadelphia's tax collector, Frank J. Willard, will argue with some heat that the city's bonds are selling at a profit; he will point with



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pride to the prompt and timely payments of interest. The trust funds which, as a characteristic institution, Philadelphia shares with Boston, are well stocked with the city's paper; regular payments of interest up to 5¼ per cent are in no way abhorrent to the most conservative of trustees. And, while the statutory debt limit has long since been reached (and even passed, by dint of some fudging around the edges), the charter could always be amended.

But the recent sharp shrinkage in taxable values, together (one must suppose) with the unsavory political reputation of the city, has made it impossible to raise more money through ordinary methods. The City Council hopes to scrape together enough for current running expenses through a flat 1½-per-cent income tax which, owing to a Pennsylvania constitutional provision that no graduated tax can be laid, will fall equally heavily on Joseph Pew and on Mrs. Jennie Dole, a ten-dollar-a-week textile worker. The immediate yield of this levy has been a prompt lawsuit by Mrs. Dole, supported by her trade union. While it is generally expected that the State Supreme Court will ultimately uphold the tax, it is nonetheless a source of irritation to everyone — the wage earners who must pay it and the employers on whom falls the burden of much "collection at source" paper work.

Mayor Wilson was a prodigious spender who, like Mr. Micawber, constantly expected something to turn up. Secure in his expectations, he had by the end of his term overspent his income by a resounding forty million dollars. The city extricated itself from that situation only through an appeal to Jesse Jones's Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Participating with some Philadelphia bankers, the canny Jones put up twenty million only after the city had pledged all revenue from the municipally owned gas works for seventeen years — from 1940 to 1957.

Recently Jones was approached again, this time by a newly appointed Philadelphia Authority which wants sixty millions to build an entire new water system, including an aqueduct to bring pure water from the nearby Alleghenies. This time, though, the RFC has been of no assistance. For reasons not yet announced, Jones balked.

Perhaps the city's many and notable financial misadventures influenced his decision. Philadelphia's civic tombstones include $5,980,591 worth of unused subway beneath Locust Street and an uncompleted Schuylkill River tunnel valued at $6,839,337 at the time work was stopped. Tribes of large and ferocious rats, thus handsomely endowed by the city, reside in these holes in the ground. In addition, the never completed, graft-rumored Sesquicentennial Exposition of 1926 was financed in large part by the city.

In any event, the sixty millions for the water works have not been forthcoming. The city's next move toward meeting the acute water problem is not clear. Something has to be done. What will it be?

The Object Lesson

In a larger sense, what is Philadelphia going to do?

Even a political cleanup would not lighten the burden of the "tombstones." Even the liquidation of the tombstones would not in any way palliate the slump in real-estate values. Fundamental changes, so far-reaching that they seem well beyond today's horizon, must be made.

The division of the city's governmental responsibility between a county government, a city government, and a school board — three separate and autonomous bodies — must be abolished, for one thing. For another, a change is needed in the entire outlook on the problem of arbitrary political boundaries which enable the top income group of the city, residing in suburbs outside Philadelphia's tax jurisdiction, to escape civic responsibility.

When this year's Republican national convention meets in Philadelphia, many words will be intoned about "good government" as a national need. No better object lesson could be provided for the contemplation of the weightiest elder statesman or the meekest delegate than Philadelphia herself, long a G. O. P. property.

The massed Republicans might with reason argue that the dilemma facing Philadelphia is beyond solution by any party maneuver or political house cleaning. Philadelphia's embittered citizens, looking enviously at the transformation wrought in New York by seven years of machineless government, would cheerfully settle for just such a house cleaning and take their chances on the rest.

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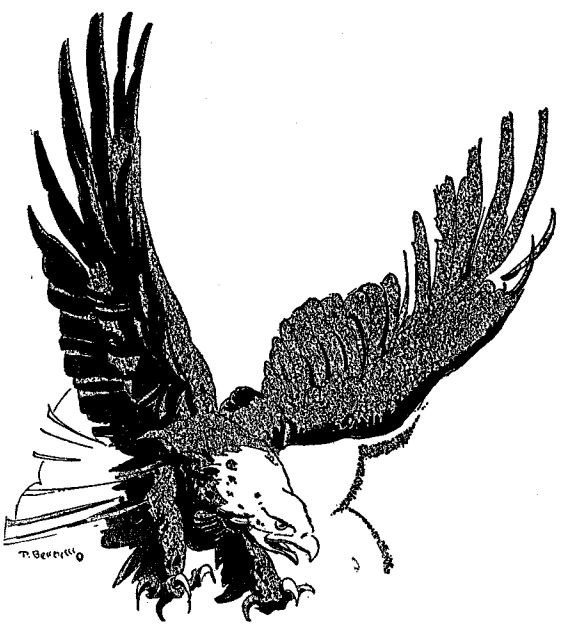
What We Need for Defense

by **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**



EVER SINCE the beginning of the war, statements have been made — by officials in Washington, by some sections of the press, and by many speakers — to the effect that the European war compels the American people to re-examine their problem of national defense immediately.

That is emphatically not the case. There is nothing in the European situation to compel any hasty change of policy or attitude, unless we decide to enter the war, for each day of the war improves the military status of the United States and weakens her potential enemies.

What is true is that the war has given opportunities to the perpetual boosters of ever larger armies and navies to increase their demands for more armaments. And these demands have been granted by the most subservient of Congresses, stimulated by the unthinking approval of a large majority of the American people (according to the Gallup poll) — a majority in no wise trained to consider American military and naval problems.

The war has not altered the strategic situation of this country. It does not decrease the size of those wonderful defenses of the United States, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which remain insuperable so far as any invasion is concerned. That another war has come in Europe has not changed the basic questions of defense policy, namely, whether we shall defend the coasts of the United States only, plus Hawaii and Panama; whether we shall ever again contemplate throwing large armed forces into Europe; or whether we shall defend all of North and South America, including Canada and our trade routes to the south.

While this war is causing an unusually rapid development of military aviation, there is again nothing in this situation to compel us to act hastily when others are doing the experimentation for us under actual war conditions. This is proved by the fact that we are letting the Allies have six thousand of our newest airplanes. Nor was there ever any sound reason for President Roosevelt's increasing the enlisted strength of the army and navy at the outbreak of the war or even putting so many patrol ships into commission; having been in England at the time, I can testify to the astonishment in British military circles that any such move was considered necessary — except perhaps as a means of putting some hundred thousand more of our unemployed youth to work in the army, navy, and Coast Guard. Certainly the adding of these men to our existing military units would deter no enemy from an attack — were there an enemy and were there a nation capable of such an overseas venture as a descent on our coasts. But, now that Germany has taken over Denmark and (at this writing) conquered most of Norway, there will undoubtedly be a further demand for more men and more ships without pause to inquire whether they are really needed or how soon they can be ready.

The hasty increase of our forces last fall

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illustrates clearly the fundamental fallacy of much of our thinking on military and naval matters — that it is merely an increase in numbers of men or ships which spells added protection. For generations now, the Congress has voted ever increasing sums for army and navy and has then gone home to assure its countrymen that they are safer than they have been because the fleet and the army have been enlarged. Nothing could be more fallacious.

If mere numbers counted, the Russian army must have won a great victory in the World War, since it outnumbered all others. What really counts is morale; efficiency; ability and technical training of officers, men, and, particularly, commanding generals. Here the historic example of the Army of the Potomac, which was regularly defeated for two years because of its incompetent leadership and could probably have ended the Civil War at Gettysburg had General Meade merely ordered an attack after Pickett's defeat, is a classic illustration.

As it happens there is not a single official or board or bureau or committee of Congress charged with inspecting the results produced by the expenditure of the billions of dollars now being poured into the army and navy. On the contrary, there are the most startling charges brought against the efficiency of both services, not only in the public prints but by officers of high standing and by civilian experts — charges that would create a parliamentary sensation in any other country, that go unnoticed and unanswered in this country. We are building up enormous military and naval machines, augmenting the most dangerous lobby in Washington, establishing a military caste — all without the slightest assurance of efficiency and effectiveness in our armed forces.

Co-ordination Needed

Let us go further back, however. No national-defense plans can possibly be effective and efficient unless those charged with the management thereof are told what it is they are to defend. Unless the War Department and Navy Department know what their tasks are, they certainly cannot prepare adequately. They must know what their war duties will be. Here our Presidents have, as is the custom of politicians, taken different positions. Mr. Roosevelt, in fact, has taken several positions, without explaining their mutual contradictions.

For example, he on one occasion assured the Daughters of the Revolution that we should never defend anything but our coasts but at other times he has favored an enormous increase in our fleet, apparently for the purpose of making possible a war overseas. In articles published in 1923 and 1934, he stated positively that war with Japan is physically impossible, is out of the question. Yet lately he has been known to favor our having two huge fleets, one in each ocean; the one in the Pacific could only be conceived of, under present conditions, as a weapon against Japan. At other times he has favored the present strategy, calling for a single fleet transferable between the Atlantic and the Pacific. He has never protested against the navy's advancing its defense line in the Pacific from Hawaii westward, even though it now seeks to fortify Guam, which is only 1,500 miles from Japan.

He has never told anyone why he has departed from his earlier position that war with Japan is altogether impossible — which belief, so he stated at the time, was owing to his having worked with the General Board when Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Here again, there have been no strategic or geographical changes to account for the alteration of policies. The islands are just where they were; the Pacific Ocean currents and fogs remain the same; the distances are unchanged. According to the recent head of the General Board of the Navy, Admiral Leahy, it is still utterly impossible for an American bombing squadron to fly from Guam to Japan, with a full load of bombs and war equipment, and return.

Here it must be noted not only that the President has not taken the country into his confidence as to what should be our military and naval policy in the Pacific but that the Congress itself has never voted on the issue — except indirectly, as when it struck out the appropriation for the fortification of Guam. The navy now says it will be worth many battleships to the United States to fortify Guam and that, when the island is fortified, it will be entirely possible to defend the Philippines. One naturally wonders why, although we have owned Guam since 1898, this discovery was not made until just forty years after our annexation of that island. One's wonder grows when it is discovered that there is a split among

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both army and navy strategists as to the advisability of any such policy.

It is recalled that Admiral Sims — by far the ablest naval officer of our times — declared that all the money spent on fortifying Hawaii might just as well have been thrown into the Pacific Ocean; that the Japanese fleet would never think of trying to reach America by way of Honolulu but would naturally take a route a thousand miles shorter, past the Aleutian Islands in the direction of Puget Sound. Admiral Sims even went so far as to say that, if war came, all that the American fleet could do would be to bombard the Japanese coast for ten days or two weeks, when it would be compelled to return because of the inability of any battleship fleet to be out of touch with its base for any longer time. He was positive that the Japanese fleet would thus not even dispute the appearance of our fleet on its coast.

Who Makes Our Foreign Policy?

I have gone into these details in order to show how chaotic our thinking is on these defense problems. Actually our defense problems are profoundly affected by the personal views of the officers who for two or three years each happen to be at the head of navy and army. There, so rapid has been the militarization of the United States, they now completely overshadow and dominate the civilian officials who have heretofore always been charged with the formulation of national policy, in accordance with the historic Anglo-Saxon tradition. No one will disagree, I think, with the principle that, if it is proper and necessary for the safety of the United States to fortify Guam, the fact should be officially determined by the Congress and the head of the government and that the American people should be notified thereof, and the controlling reasons explained.

That brings us again to the fact that we cannot determine what is proper military policy until we know what political policies we are pursuing. Are we to commit ourselves to the probably impossible task of defending the Philippines or are we not? Are we going to seek to pursue in Asia a dominating policy like that of the British Government for so many years or are we not? There is some evidence of a deliberate desire in the State and Navy departments to come to the rescue of the British by putting pressure on Japan when the British fleet is, because of the European war, unable to do so. Yet no one knows whether the American people would favor any such undertaking. We do know, through unquestionably accurate polls and through other evidence, that the American people are bitterly opposed to our present indirect participation in the war in China; but that opposition has nowise influenced the government to stop the traffic with Japan in goods which make possible Japan's continuance of her unholy war in China.

How can we then formulate and define foreign policy? That is the crux of the whole defense problem, and to that we cannot give a clear-cut answer for the simple reason that we have no continuing foreign policy and that the effort to establish one would be something new in our national life. Moreover, if such a policy should be voted by the Congress, there would undeniably be danger that a subsequent Congress, under the leadership of another President, might change the whole thing overnight.

Nonetheless, it does seem as if the Congress might at least decide whether we are or are not to defend South America and Canada — to what extent, for example, it approves the statement made by Mr. Roosevelt on his own responsibility that we should consider any attack on Canada a matter of profound moment to us. Congress could certainly clarify our policy in the Far East by stating whether we are or are not going to try to defend the Philippines against all comers. That would be only the simplest justice to the Filipinos and to ourselves, and it would give Japan to understand exactly what our plans are in her neighborhood. It must not be forgotten that the Japanese people believe that we are aggressively moving against them by our successive advances in the Pacific; they have been told by their leaders that the fortification of Guam would be a direct menace to them (and we should feel precisely the same way if, let us say, a foreign power proceeded to fortify a Caribbean island).

Again, the question of the defense of our own shores could readily be settled by Congress. It could well voice the present determination of at least 90 per cent of the American people never again to send troops to Europe, an attitude which I believe has been not weakened but strengthened by what is happening abroad.

If this policy were openly adopted, the War Department could then be ordered to abandon

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all its plans for raising an army of from one to three millions of men and could be held to preparing efficiently and economically for a strong mobile army to make a successful invasion of the United States impossible beyond all question. The relief to the national treasury would be enormous. There would then be no excuse for any failure to modernize and render efficient the machinery of the army. This move would make unnecessary the extension of military training throughout our universities and colleges and the maintenance of an enormous number of reserve officers (the number is now well over 110,000). It would automatically check the determined efforts now being made to subordinate the industrial life of the whole country to the supposititious needs of the country if she should go to war in Europe or Asia. The defense of the coasts of the United States is as simple and easy a military problem as exists anywhere, because of that marvelous protection afforded by the three thousand miles of water to the east and the more than seven thousand miles of ocean between America and Japan. Definition of national policy in terms of such a defense would also clarify all the navy's problems.

Our Defense Problem

Let us never forget that an enemy, successfully to invade the United States, must first defeat our fleet and avoid or dispose of all the submarines remaining after a fleet action. He must then successfully navigate our mine fields, during which time he would be subject to attack by the ten thousand army and navy fliers we are planning to commission. After having escaped or disposed of both our planes and our mines, the invader would have to conquer our coast defenses and, after conquering them, would have to face a mobile army of from four to six hundred thousand men — regulars and National Guard. Merely to state the proposition is to show its impossibility (assuming adequacy of our preparedness), particularly if it is remembered that no such hostile expeditionary force could establish a base in the United States until it had safeguarded its communications by destroying our entire fleet.

It is of vital importance to bear in mind that, according to General Johnson Hagood, there are not more than *five* ports in the United States at which an enemy could find the harbor equipment necessary to disembark such an expedition — the huge artillery, the great combat tanks, the poison gas, the vast amounts of ammunition for artillery and infantry, the airplanes (which would be absolutely essential), the vast quantities of medical supplies, etc. In addition, Major George Fielding Eliot also points out that any invading forces would have to bring with them lighters, armored barges, movable piers, cranes, base equipment, reserve stores, and special landing devices. How fast could a fleet so laden move?

Yet the average American visualizes a landing on the beach — such as the federal army and fleet made at Fort Fisher in the last stages of the Civil War; such as General Shafter made on the Cuban beach during the war with Spain, on a couple of fine, tranquil days, without a hostile shot fired against him, he having only a few antiquated cannon to land. One should recall the fact that, in the World War, a whole harbor in the north of France and one in the south had to be turned over to the Americans, to handle our arriving army; that on not a single day did we ever land enough supplies to maintain our army on *that day alone;* that we never got a piece of American artillery to the front nor, during the entire war, any American planes except some of the so-called "flying coffins," which were used chiefly for scouting purposes. This conveys some idea of the gigantic character of any such undertaking.

We could not under any circumstances land a force of even a half-million men in Europe, with all their supplies and equipment and the necessary ammunition, if we had to rely solely on our own merchant marine; no less than 56 per cent of the 2,032,000 men we sent to France in the last war were carried by vessels of other countries, mostly by the British. It takes twelve tons of shipping to transport, equip, and supply a single soldier.

Just before I left London at the end of last November, I asked a British general if he had ever heard of an officer in England or on the Continent who believed that invasion of the United States was feasible. This general, who was stationed four years in Washington and thoroughly knows the United States and the leading officers of our army, declared that it was preposterous even to think of such a thing. The same reply was made by all the Continental officers to whom I put the question.

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Cautious Counsel

Nonetheless we are told by warmongers that we must lose not a moment in building a vast fleet, so as to be able to defeat the joint fleets of Russia, Germany, Italy, and Japan, plus the British and French ships which Hitler is to take over when he conquers Great Britain and France. I was amused at this statement of Admiral Stark's before the House Naval Affairs Committee, because I prophesied several years ago that, if an earthquake were to engulf England, Japan, and France, our naval officers would immediately invent another combination of hostile nations in order to justify the continuance of enormous expenditures and the upkeep of a great navy, in order to terrify the American people and the Congress into voting a huge, quite unnecessarily huge, armada. Does Admiral Stark really believe that British and French navy men would ever surrender their ships, with the example of the Germans' mass scuttling at Scapa Flow before them? It is pleasant to note that our Admiral Taussig's declaration of war on Japan has been soundly rebuked by Senator Bennett C. Clark and many newspapers. It is a pity that he was not also officially rebuked.

Nothing could be more unrealistic, to one who spent the first four months of the war in England, Holland, and Germany, than a statement like Admiral Stark's. The simple truth is that what is going on abroad is a war to end civilization in Europe; and it will end that civilization whether it lasts, as the English predict, three years or, as some Germans say, ten years. I think that, if Admiral Stark had had the various talks with high financial authorities which it was my good fortune to have just before I left England, he would realize that no country can come out of this war, if it lasts even two years, save in such a state of exhaustion and financial liability as certainly to put into the far distant future the possibility of any further wars. The thought of an invasion of America by one or more of the present belligerents is even more preposterous when one considers the bitter enmities, now existing in Europe, which will not be wiped out but will be intensified, whichever side wins.

This is no time to take counsel of absurd, fantastic fears generated in vivid imaginations whose real objective is a world increasingly dominated by the American army and navy. This is the time to keep cool and calm and to be extremely grateful to the nations which are testing in the crucible of war new theories and new conditions which (so the Germans at least insist) render this war utterly unlike the last. We shall learn, if we are patient, whether the German militarists are correct in saying that they will prove before the year 1940 is over that the day of the battleship and cruiser is finished; that all that counts now is aviation, plus the submarine and the surface raider — that aviation which enabled them to put five thousand planes over Poland on the first day of the war and to attack at four hundred points there while destroying every one of the twenty-one aviation bases which sheltered the entire Polish air fleet. We have time to contemplate the fact that so far in this war British battleships appear to have been, under many circumstances, liabilities rather than assets. The role of the German air force in the Norwegian campaign would seem to make it even more sensible for us to await further developments before deciding that German claims are right or wrong concerning the supremacy of air power over other military arms.

Dreadful as is the spectacle of foreign nations destroying each other, we must realize that we are going to profit by it, profit by all the technical developments, by all the results of the innumerable encounters. We have, for example, learned that three light cruisers are able to take the measure of a "pocket" battleship, the development of which caused great anxiety to naval theorists on both sides of the Atlantic. Let us conserve our money, control our fears, and lay down no more ships (our shipyards are so full, anyway, that no new authorizations can be laid down at present). The English would, I believe, be glad to exchange their battleships for more cruisers.

Preservation, Not Destruction

One more fundamental question remains to be discussed. The purpose of defense is to safeguard the American democracy which I, after a long life as a student of politics and international affairs, unhesitatingly believe to be, with all its faults, the finest system of government that men have yet devised. Its destruction would be the final blow to democracy and republican institutions the world over.

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Now it is an undeniable truth that, when a country turns herself into an armed camp, makes the business of armaments on land and on sea the supreme business of the nation, then there is created a national condition in which democracy withers and militarism flourishes. There is no greater fallacy than the American belief that the United States cannot be militarized. Nothing could be further from the truth. Already we have gone so far that civilian control of military policy is rapidly disappearing. The "nation in arms" tends directly toward aggressive imperialism and to Fascism. I believe that, if war had not come and England and France had continued to carry on in the vast armament race, they would have regressed merely more slowly toward the Fascism to which they are now moving, under the stress of war, with alarming speed.

The development of great armament industries creates a privileged class and deep-rooted vested interests which in every country can be relied on to drum up war scares and to fight against disarmament whenever there is danger that the great enterprises they have built up are likely to suffer because of that disarmament. If there is a Congressman in the United States in whose district there is a navy yard who will not vote more cruisers for that yard to build when the ways are empty, I do not know of him; in one district in New York the Congressman has to face delegations from ten thousand workers in the Brooklyn Navy Yard whenever there is an indication that the completion of the ships in hand threatens to leave the ways empty and to add the ten thousand to the ranks of the unemployed. From all the Krupps and Vickers-Armstrongs and Creusot-Schneiders there will come appeals to high heaven for redress, if disarmament should follow after this war — this despite the fact that every responsible statesman in Europe has declared that not a single country can continue to carry indefinitely the peacetime armament burdens as they were on January 1, 1939, even if this war should end quickly and with no further piling up of war debts. In other words, one can pay far too high a price for armaments.

If Fascism results from armaments, is it not of the utmost importance for a country not to pass the danger line? What will it avail us to arm to the utmost limit, to subordinate our national and industrial life to preparations for war, if thereby we lose our democratic soul — that soul we are supposed to preserve by pouring out armament expenditures without end?

David H. Popper of the Foreign Policy Association and Professor Lindsay Rogers, are two recent writers who have demanded the reinstatement of civilian control over the waxing military machine. Says Mr. Popper:

> In a world in which military supremacy and Spartan preparedness tend to become ends in themselves and the competitive hysteria of the arms race is all too apparent, the preservation of such control may ultimately prove essential for the soundness of American democracy.

If the war in Europe compels us to anything, it should be to a re-examination of our whole defense problem from a quiet, detached, and scientific point of view. It is gratifying, therefore, that already two bills have been prepared in the House of Representatives calling for a civilian commission to investigate and report on the national defense; similar bills calling for a Congressional inquiry were introduced in the Senate a year ago.

Congressman Paul W. Shafer of Michigan, a member of the House Military Affairs Committee, who has recently made a nationwide inspection of army conditions, has prepared a measure calling for a commission, to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate, to inquire into the question whether this nation is to prepare merely to defend her shores or to fight abroad; to put an end to wasteful, unco-ordinated, and undirected military expenditures; to put a stop to the costly rivalry and lack of co-operation between the War and Navy departments — to avoid duplication of activity, reduce expenditures, and formulate one harmonious defense program. Passage of this bill, appointment of a capable, unprejudiced commission, and achievement of the results Congressman Shafer desires would be worth infinitely more to the efficiency of our defenses than the voting of a dozen more battleships and an army of half a million men.

Finally, Americans must beware of having their fears exploited by those who have everything to gain by playing up the hostilities abroad as in some way directly menacing us. The public should realize that the professional scarers enjoy the game; the more desperately they portray the defenselessness of the country, the more certain they are to win first pages, big headlines, and great appropriations.

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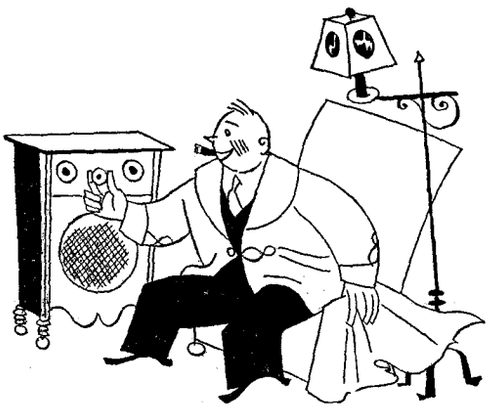
Not on the Air!



by **CARROLL O'MEARA**

We Americans are proud of our Constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech — but it doesn't apply before a microphone.

Radio, the greatest instrument ever devised for communicating thought to the masses, is governed by a "constitution" all its own, an entangling and ever increasing maze of taboos that make Herr Goebbels and his staff of blue-pencil artists seem like reckless philanthropists. The average American would be astounded to know what can and what cannot be said over the air.

Jack Benny is forbidden to mention the name of Rudy Vallee or Major Bowes. Walter Winchell and Jimmy Fidler are often prevented from stating well-known facts. Many songs which all of us sing can no longer be put on the air. Scores of truths and hundreds of common words printed in the most cautious women's magazines are proscribed on the ether waves.

Largely in self-defense, radio imposes its own code of censorship. It knows that the right to broadcast is too good a thing to lose, that the legislators will take away this right if the public clamor grows sufficiently loud. Radio has become extremely cautious, because it can afford to offend no single consequential group of listeners.

The task of pleasing a majority of listeners without offending certain minorities is becoming constantly more difficult. Even the smallest minorities have learned how to make their voices heard by the broadcasters and legislators. And, flattered by the apparent potency of their howls, they are growing more and more sensitive, carrying their picayunish complaints to extremes.

When you consider that there are more radio sets than bathtubs in America, you realize more readily that radio listeners constitute the nation's broadest audience. Hence the obvious need for a certain amount of censorship to assure good taste in broadcasting. But program decency is only one of many requirements. There are enough other restrictions to bewilder a Philadelphia lawyer.

If all radio were on a "sustaining" basis the taboos would be simpler and fewer. But most of the major programs are "commercials," sponsored by advertisers. Naturally, the advertiser's primary object is to gain good will, to please everyone if possible, to offend no one. And so the sponsor adds his own private list of taboos to those already dictated by the good judgment of the station in the interest of the public.

The networks, too, have their individual restrictions, generally established for purely selfish reasons. The Federal Communications Commission prescribes certain rules of broadcasting conduct. The greatest censor of all, though, is the American public, with its righteousness, its likes and dislikes, its sectional jealousies, its racial and religious prejudices, its political beliefs, and its myriad individual notions about what constitutes good taste and proper public policy.

So the radio programs you hear daily are not the pure products of program directors' and

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script writers' genius. The censors do their work before the programs go on the air. What you hear is what remains after all have had their whacks at the original structure. Thus the tree which may have been tall, sturdy, and shapely is merely an ordinary stump — like a thousand others in the forest. It has been pruned and chopped and whittled until it has about as much character as a polliwog.

Superrespectability

WHO SAYS WHAT is pure enough for American "air" and what is not? And who does the actual censoring?

Well, actually there are few written rules. Censorship is largely a matter of judgment based on experience of what the public as a whole will accept and what it will protest. The task of keeping the entire audience pacified, by deleting everything that might displease any part of the audience, falls to the network, the advertiser who sponsors the program, and the advertising agency which represents the sponsor and actually produces the program.

Radio, unlike the films and the stage, reaches into the home. It penetrates into circles which may regard the theatre as sinful. It is received simultaneously by listeners of all ages, all creeds, all races, all nationalities, all classes, and all degrees of moral righteousness. Hence, it is governed by a code stricter and more comprehensive than the Legion of Decency ever thought of applying to motion pictures.

Generally speaking, the principles of radio's unwritten code can be summed up about as follows: *Nothing shall be broadcast which might embarrass, offend, or disgust any decent parents or their children seated at the dinner table in mixed company.* As will be shown, ordinary morality is just one of many considerations.

When the censors wield the blue pencil over the script of a program, it is usually in the interest of: (1) morality — in the strictest sense; (2) decency — including even "unseemly noises"; (3) avoiding offense to any persons or group — mailmen, Quakers, stutterers, shopgirls, Republicans, schoolteachers, etc.; (4) network policy — upholding prestige; (5) advertiser policy — in behalf of sales; (6) good broadcasting conduct — inspired by fear of loss of license to continue broadcasting.

Radio has never been immoral. Even before Mae West's memorable Adam and Eve sketch on a Sunday evening in 1937, radio was extremely virtuous. Since then it has had to lift itself practically to asceticism.

That Mae West broadcast was daring (for radio!). It surprised sophisticated listeners and shocked thousands of others. It seemed worse because it occurred on Sunday and implied derision of the Bible. The immediate repercussions were loud and threatening. Within twenty-four hours there were organizations clamoring for government censorship of all radio.

The character of that sketch was a rare exception in broadcasting. And yet a large portion of the public apparently gave no credit for previous good behavior. The clamor eventually died out, but the black record of that awful misstep remains a perpetual warning. Radio now feels it is on probation and, like a "two-time loser," must maintain constant vigilance. The next incident might be fatal.

Radio, by far the most moral form of public entertainment, merely *begins* with respect for God, the Bible, and the Ten Commandments. It tolerates no lewdness whatsoever, not the remotest suggestion of it. It allows no drama to deal with crime or vice "unduly" or show evil triumphing over good (history must frequently be modified to suit this part of the code). References to the use of dope are strictly *verboten*. Drunkenness and comments on the use of alcohol are regarded as dangerous, are therefore rare. Language, even in the most hard-boiled drama, is strictly of Sunday-school caliber. Consequently, the foulest type of cutthroat villain will be found resorting, in his wrath, to a resounding, "Darn it!" A gambler in a radio play does his gambling "offstage." Divorces are few; there is practically no such thing as a prostitute or an unmarried mother.

Is it any wonder that outstanding plays suffer so by adaptation to radio? Seduction is purified to a mere kiss. Sadie Thompson is simply a naughty woman who apparently uses too much make-up. A playwright's lovable old souse becomes merely a character to be pitied because he has grown untidy and doesn't care if he spills ashes on his vest.

A Delicate Sensibility

THE DANGER of being "immoral" in radio programs is not confined to drama or comedy. The songs too must be censored.

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Every network has its own list of songs considered too "hot," risqué, or bawdy. And they are not just songs commonly confined to men's smokers either.

Body and Soul is a notable example of a song which may be played instrumentally but *not* sung. Some others in this category are *Miss Otis Regrets*, *Young and Healthy*, *Without a Shirt*, *Let There Be Love*. Only revised lyrics are permitted in *Anything Goes*, *Heat Wave*, *Music Makes Me*, *Shine*, and many others, including a song hit of 1935, *I Get a Kick Out of You*. In the last mentioned number, singers are instructed to change the line, "Some get a kick from cocaine," to, "Some like perfume from Spain."

A handbook of the Columbia Broadcasting System contains a list of songs which cannot be performed over that chain either vocally *or* instrumentally. This list includes *Casey Jones*, *Horsie Keep Your Tail Up*, *Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean*, *Poema*, *Seduccion Tango*, *Oh You Nasty Man*, and *Wreck of the 97*.

A late addition to the taboo song list is the popular *Hold Tight*, which introduced an exotic note of sea food into programs ordinarily laden with lyrics about moonlight and love. This sensational number, with its strange jargon about "shrimpers and rice," reached fourth place in the "Hit Parade" before the networks got wise to the fact that its weird phrases resemble a Harlem lingo used in connection with sexual perversion.

"Good taste" embraces much more than mere morality. The censor's blue pencil must strike out anything and everything that might be shocking, revolting, or unappetizing. Ghastly scenes in spook dramas are toned down — mothers complain that they upset the children's stomachs and keep them awake nights. Horrifying screams and gunshots are reduced to a minimum. Realistic descriptions of scenes of horror are deleted entirely. References to blood, foul odors, and other unpleasantries are either cut out or modified. Strong words likewise receive the fatal stroke of the editor's pencil, — words such as "putrid," "stink," "bloody," "messy," "rotten." When meaning is essential to a drama, it is conveyed by effective gasps of the actors, vocal shudders, meaningful "oh's," "ah's" and "ugh's." Or it is achieved by broken dialogue: "You mean —?" Pause. "Exactly!"

Not long ago the networks put restrictions on the advertisement of laxatives and other medicinals. The advertisers went too far in vivid descriptions of the efficacy of their products, with the result that the "commercials" were embarrassing when heard by mixed groups. At the same time, bans were also put on depilatories, deodorants, and similar body aids.

Sound can prove just as offensive as a distasteful word or phrase. A belch, a too realistic hiccup, or a juicy "Bronx cheer" will all produce unfavorable reactions in the fan mail.

On the Pacific Coast, three years ago, a case occurred which shows why the censors must edit sound as well as the spoken word. It happened in a popular crime-and-detective program, presenting a dramatization of a true "hammer" murder case. Of course the forces of the law brought the culprit to justice, but the director of the program went off the deep end in his zeal for realism.

The script called for: "Sound — Blow over head." To produce this effect, the sound man, in rehearsal, whacked a coconut shell with a hammer. Immediately the orchestra rushed in with a welcome and merciful crescendo to cover up the gory deed. The director, noted for his daring and realism, felt the effect was not sufficiently "dramatic." He obtained a large, crisp head of cabbage. He instructed the sound man to beat this with a slab. One stroke, two, three — and meanwhile the director held off the covering crescendo of music until the cabbage was beaten to a "bloody" pulp. The "dramatic" effect was well-nigh perfect — much too perfect, in fact, for the sensibilities of the Pacific Coast that evening.

'Somebody Might Object'

Radio is now convinced that it is never safe even to approach "dynamite," for often offense is given when there is apparently least reason to expect it. At one time or another, everybody associated with the production of radio programs has learned by actual experience that it is wise to heed this cardinal rule: *Never take a chance on offending or irritating any substantial group. It is better to be safe than sorry; if there is the slightest doubt or question, delete!*

The most violent wrath is incurred when radio slights, ridicules, or jokes about race or

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religion. To give offense to either race or creed these days is outright insanity. Strictly taboo are such words as "dago," "wop," "mick," "cholo," "Hun," and "coon."

Three years ago the writer wrote and produced a World War drama for a regional chain of the Columbia network. The setting of the play was a shell hole in no man's land. During the course of the action, the doughboys trapped in the shell hole, with due authenticity, referred to the "Boches," "Heinies," "Huns," etc. I was compelled to remove such references and to substitute such pale inadequacies as "the enemy" or "those guys." Only a few weeks before, on the same network, the word "Hun," used in a war story, had brought hundreds of complaints by telephone and mail. A few listeners went to extremes in avenging the "offense," breaking windows of the station which had produced the program and dumping garbage on the front porch of the orchestra leader (a native German!) who conducted the musical interludes in the broadcast. It was deemed not worth while to risk this wrath again.

In the past three or four years, American Negroes have become extremely militant over alleged disparagement of their race. Aware of their relative importance in the total radio audience and encouraged by their protective societies, they are constantly on vigil at their receiving sets.

Now more sensitive than ever before, they resent certain "blackface" characterizations and insinuations and they don't hesitate to make their displeasure known to sponsors. "Amos 'n' Andy," for example, are a constant source of irritation to the colored people. Pepsodent and Campbell's Soup have not been popular in Harlem.

A race which once inspired America's greatest songs now finds those ballads utterly unnecessary. They will not tolerate the word "darky," even in the amiable lyrics of Stephen Foster. Until recently, the term has been regarded as friendly, inoffensive slang. But now it means fight. The Negro press and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People welcome reports from their followers regarding "offenses" over the air. They circulate petitions and write strong letters of protest to radio stations in this vein:

> Gentlemen:
> We have been advised that at approximately 8:39 P.M. last Tuesday evening your network broadcast a song called "That's Why D_____ Were Born." We trust that this was an erroneous report or an oversight on your part. We do not believe you would wish to instigate a boycott or lose the good will of a very substantial percentage of your listening audience by the needless use of such an ugly word inspired by bigotry. . . .

As a result of such organized protests, many American folk songs are seldom sung on the air nowadays, especially on sponsored programs. And no longer do "darkies" sing down by the levee. Now "the banjos are ringin'," but "the *people* are singin'." Innumerable changes of this nature are commonplace.

"Injured" classes or groups of any consequence can wield effective weapons in retaliation — the threat of a boycott of the sponsor's goods, a complaint to the Federal Communications Commission. Insurance salesmen, annoyed by endless jibes thrust at them, can squeal loud enough to gain immunity from the radio comedian's jests for a season or so. And, of course, so can policemen, Boy Scouts, schoolteachers, and listeners of a thousand other categories. It is a phenomenon of the business that deaf people resent "deef" jokes or characters who get the inevitable laughs by "misunderstanding" statements. Their complaints have made it wise to be discreet in using deaf characters.

One of the most sensitive and dangerous groups to jest about is the WPA. The subjects which radio comedians joke about run in cycles. A couple of years ago the cycle swung toward the WPA — but not for long! For a brief time the air was filled with gags about leaning on shovels and digging excavations to fill with dirt from other excavations. The vogue died in a hurry. It wasn't the government that "cracked down"; it was the WPA workers, whose voices combined into a great chorus that shook the foundations of the broadcasting business.

As might be expected, the offensiveness or acceptability of a radio jest frequently depends not so much on what is said but *who* says it and *how*. Will Rogers could safely have kidded the WPA, because he was a friendly character who evidenced no personal bitterness. But just let Walter Winchell or Milton Berle try it!

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Likewise, some performers can use comic material which, delivered by others, would approach obscenity. Some comedians are "spicier" because, through their style of delivery or established character, they can get away with it; the public will accept it from them. An identical phrase or situation can seem risqué on one program and merely good fun on another. The boys who wield the blue pencils recognize this angle of the public reaction. The censors, accordingly, are liberal with some performers, strict with others.

Avoiding Lawsuits

The networks themselves attempt to enforce all the censorship they feel is necessary to win the affection of the greatest possible majority of listeners or, at least, to avoid loss of their good will. But there are still three other bases on which they edit the script material submitted to them for approval by program producers and performers: (1) for the network's own legal protection; (2) in their own selfish interest, particularly as regards competition with other radio chains; (3) to remain in good standing with the Federal Communications Commission, which licenses them to broadcast; (4) to avoid copyright infringement.

The station or chain releasing a program shares legal responsibility for all statements and performances over its facilities. It is most vulnerable in questions of copyright infringement and libel. Lawsuits and damages can involve staggering sums, and consequently the broadcasting systems must be constantly alert to protect themselves. Both NBC and CBS maintain extensive research departments in New York to investigate the originality of unpublished musical or dramatic material. All the networks retain legal aid to pass on or edit questionable material for libel.

Radio learned a costly lesson last year as a result of an informal broadcast over NBC facilities. Al Jolson was interviewing a golf professional. The golfer told Jolson he was connected with a certain hotel at Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Striving for a laugh, Jolson thoughtlessly said: "That's a rotten hotel!" Those four words brought a judgment of $15,000 damages against NBC last October.

That case has become an outstanding example of why the broadcasting chains discourage extemporaneous programs and exert every effort to have all radio material submitted in advance for thorough editing. Had the material on that particular broadcast been read from a script, the suit would never have been filed. In the first place, the word "rotten" would have been stricken out as distasteful. Secondly, the remark about the hotel would have been modified or deleted as libelous anyway.

As far as the radio censors are concerned, the Peck's Bad Boy of the business is Walter Winchell. His radio columns contain so many bold, intimate statements about the personal lives of celebrities that he is constantly vulnerable to lawsuits, regardless of the accuracy of his statements. As the newspaper trade learned long ago, the *truth* of a statement is not necessarily an excuse or defense. A statement can be true and also libelous. Hence, as long as NBC shares the liability with Winchell and his sponsor, the network submits all his material to the scrutiny of one or more lawyers who remain in the studio through the broadcast.

Another radio star who has frequently played with matches near the powder house is Jimmy Fidler. Not long ago he refused to cut out a statement regarding a possible case of polygamy. The attorney warned of its libelous nature. He insisted on retaining it. But, in the course of his monologue, there came an abrupt, unexplained period of silence. An official on duty, following the program with a copy of the script, simply pulled a plug when Fidler came to the dangerous passages. The voice continued — but not over the air. After Fidler had finished with the questionable item, the program continued out to the network.

The Government's Big Stick

The networks also censor scripts for purely selfish reasons, to make the programs conform to their respective individual policies.

One of these policies concerns the mention of radio stars and programs heard in opposition to a network's own programs. In this respect NBC is strictest. Until recently it would allow reference to absolutely no stars or programs heard over CBS. For instance, Fred Allen would not have been permitted to mention Kate Smith or her program. The explanation for this (the rule of "cross-reference") is that,

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by drawing attention to a program on the opposition network, NBC would be handicapping its own client who buys time in competition with the program referred to.

This rule has recently been relaxed to permit reference to a program on the opposition network providing both programs have a common sponsor. For example, "Good News" on NBC (sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee, a General Foods product) could refer to "We the People" on CBS (sponsored by Sanka Coffee, also a General Foods product). However, neither the time of the opposition program nor the name of the network may be mentioned. Hence, such generalities as: "Hear our other program later this week. For the exact time and station consult your local radio column."

To remain in good standing with the Federal Communications Commission, which has an unwritten power to censor, by virtue of its authority to issue and revoke broadcasting licenses, the networks have still another code to guide the editorial blue pencil. They cannot afford to antagonize the Commission and consequently adhere faithfully to what precedent has established as "good broadcasting conduct."

When the FCC expresses disapproval of certain types of programs, such as those giving drastic or dangerous advice about personal affairs, the networks in turn reflect the official frown. When the Commission rules against lotteries or gambling via radio or implies strong disfavor of any proposed activity, the networks naturally trim their sails accordingly.

The rule against lotteries explains the often heard phrase regarding a "reasonably accurate facsimile." The advertiser wants you to purchase his breakfast cereal before entering his contest, but to *require* this purchase for eligibility would necessitate a cash outlay, thereby classifying the contest as a lottery. Hence, you are told to send in the box top *or* an accurate facsimile. (Incidentally, the number of contestants who submit facsimile drawings with their contest entries is negligible.)

To stay in the good graces of the Commission the networks keep constantly posted on products cited by the Federal Trade Commission for false or misleading advertising or for violations of the pure-food-and-drug laws. All "questionable" advertising claims are deleted from commercial announcements; or, at the insistence of the networks (which share the responsibility), they are revised by the advertisers. Many products are denied the air, particularly patent medicines and "health" foods. Others on this particular taboo list include "healers," speculators and promoters, psychics, and solicitors of contributions — except for certain well known charities such as the Red Cross.

The broadcasting band of wave lengths is set aside by the government for the common good. It is for the benefit of all, and therefore personal communications (as from a performer to listening friends) are stricken out of scripts. A cooking expert, for example, may answer a letter over the air, but it is assumed that the answer will be of interest to many. Also, on the same ground, a network may broadcast a conversation between two persons at different points, provided the conversation, even though personal, is at the same time of interest to all listeners. This was done notably in the Antarctic broadcasts five years ago in which Harry Von Zell and others in New York conversed with Admiral Byrd and members of his expedition at Little America.

However, a strict nix is now given to such personal amenities as John Charles Thomas' well-remembered, "Good night, Mother!" Exceptions to this rule are made only in cases of disaster or great emergency, such as severe earthquakes, floods, and hurricanes, or to perform humanitarian services (such as attempting to locate a person who may have accidentally been sold poison instead of medicine by a druggist). There are countless such instances in which broadcasting stations, operating on their regular wave lengths, have been used for personal communication — but these are construed as being in the public interest.

The Pocketbook Is Tender

But this is not all the censorship which radio programs undergo. There is still one more restraining factor to be considered — the program sponsor. In many respects he wields the bluest and most indelible pencil of them all.

The sponsor's aim is not merely to avoid ill will; it is to gain all the good will possible. He'd be foolish, he reasons, to spend his good advertising money while risking the slightest offense to anybody. Therefore the sponsor in-

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sists that his program be not only entertaining but completely harmless.

Various sponsors have different ideas about what is acceptable in the way of radio material, particularly as regards comedy subjects and wisecracks. A few are comparatively liberal. Some sponsors build a regular policy concerning jokes considered in bad taste. If a slightly shady gag gets a good laugh from the studio audience, it will not, as a rule, bring a rebuke from the sponsor. The fatal error for a comedian is to present "a blue one" and have it "lay an egg." Then the particular type of gag invariably goes on the nix list.

Sponsor policy ordinarily depends on the general advertising policy of a concern, plus the personal reactions of executives in charge of sales. Some will allow no mention of divorce; no reference to drinking, gambling, or vice. Others will merely suggest that these subjects be "played down." The manufacturer of a rubber tire can naturally afford to be more tolerant in his censorship than the manufacturer of certain food products; a commercial announcement which strives to arouse appetite appeal is at a distinct disadvantage in a program which creates mental dyspepsia by jesting about garbage chutes, dandruff, false teeth, and toenails.

Some sponsors have banned Scotch jokes — because they are tired of them or because some of their biggest stockholders are MacDougalls or MacLennans. For similar reasons, others oppose dialect comedians. Particularly since the acute European situation has aroused such bitterness and divided sentiment in this country, most sponsors are wary of Italian, Jewish or German comedy "stooges." And, needless to say, any jesting reference to Hitler, Mussolini, Fascism or Naziism over the air is suicide. (It remains to be seen when and if this particular policy will be relaxed to keep step with American public sentiment.)

The use of names has become a bugaboo to the program producers.

In a sense, many celebrities are a sponsor's competitors. It has not been considered good business for Jack Benny, sponsored by Jell-O, to mention Rudy Vallee when the latter was sponsored by Royal Gelatin (*product* competition). Another taboo, during the past year, would prevent "The Aldrich Family" from mentioning Edward G. Robinson or "Big Town" — or vice versa (*time* competition). One program's mentioning the other might give listeners the idea of tuning in on the opposition.

Whether real or fictitious, names may subject the sponsor to lawsuits.

A silly character in a program may be given the name of Joe Horseneck, obviously a name coined to suit him. But, lo and behold, in Pocatello or Natchez a Joe Horseneck rises in all his wounded dignity. Claiming he has been subjected to ridicule as a result of the broadcast, he files suit for damages.

As a precaution against lawsuits, many sponsors have come to demand that the producers of their programs protect them in the use of all names. Fictitious names are coined by a uniform and definite formula which will enable the sponsor to prove that no malice was intended any individual, in case a coincidence occurs. Or the producer of a program names his characters after his friends, his secretaries, or his business associates, obtaining their written permission; thus a case of duplication could easily be explained. Before any real names are used, even those of celebrities and public figures, some sponsors require that consent of the persons named be obtained. In Hollywood this procedure involves co-operation of studio attorneys and publicity departments, which have the power to approve the use of their stars' names after examination of the scripts or statements concerning them. If a permission is refused, the program producer is instructed to delete the name.

The Saturation Point

Where, you may wonder, is the increasing web of radio censorship leading? What will happen to our most popular form of entertainment if the radio moguls continue to be intimidated by fanatic minorities? Will radio eventually be strangled by its growing list of taboos, or will it gain second wind and exert its strength in revolt? Might we expect the government to attempt direct *official* censorship?

These are questions which all of us in radio have begun to ponder. A few generalizations seem plausible:

With our form of government we will never have official censorship. It is unconstitutional and smacks too much of the dictatorships we are so alarmed about. Hitler has taught us the

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danger of allowing the government to tamper with freedom of speech.

Radio may revolt — against further picayune restrictions — but you can be sure it knows better than to tolerate lewdness or smut. The networks and the sponsors will guarantee a high standard of decency.

Censorship has just about reached its limit in the field of comedy. If the taboos grow much tighter, there will be no more comedy. It is now virtually impossible for a comic to touch on any vital current topic without treading on someone's toes. Perhaps within another season or two the comedy group (sponsors included) will come to the conclusion that it is better to entertain the majority than merely be tolerated by all; that comedy may have its price but yields high returns; that you can never please all of the people all of the time.

Some of the prudish barriers and narrow restrictions in drama and intelligent discussion will be gradually knocked down. New fields (for radio) will be explored by courageous pioneers who approach delicate but important subjects with discretion. And the adventurers should be well rewarded. Then we will have radio air in America liberal enough to permit the broadcast of dramatic masterpieces and advanced educational talks. Then the narrow, prejudiced, squeamish minorities will not drive outspoken men from the microphone.

A notable step in the liberal direction was made last December in Los Angeles with the encouragement of Harrison Holloway, daring but shrewd general manager of KFI, 50,000-watt outlet of the NBC Red Network. The station (independently owned) broadcast a series of "Maternity Discussions" at eight-thirty in the evening, presenting half-hour interviews between Jimmy Vandiveer and an unnamed obstetrician. In a chatty but thoroughly respectful manner the two covered the entire subject, from conception to post-natal care, using anatomical and biological terms wherever necessary, including the words "breast" and "uterus"! Indeed, a program from the future!

Strangely enough, the maternity series brought only one unfavorable comment — from an elderly lady who thought it was "violating the sanctity of motherhood." On the other hand, because the program offered valuable instruction in such a sincere and wholesome manner, it elicited enthusiastic praise in the mail. It has won many citations and awards from educational groups and radio organizations.

Yes, we are happy that the wind of freedom still blows in America. But, while we celebrate this cherished attribute of our land, the poor stuffy radio business sits on a lonely hill and moans, "Blow some my way!"

Portland's Six Hundred Dutch Uncles

by **FRANK J. TAYLOR**

THREE YEARS AGO, when he became Superintendent of Schools in Portland, Oregon, practical Ralph Dugdale launched an occupational survey to find out what the students in the senior classes of the city's eleven high schools expected to do after graduating. What

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he learned appalled him. Forty per cent wanted to enter professions which normally absorb only 4 per cent of high-school graduates. Three out of four were not going to college but expected to "look for a job" — in what business or trade nine out of ten of them hadn't the slightest idea. Very few had ever talked with a business or a professional man about work.

While still steeped in this survey, Dugdale was invited to talk to the Portland Rotary Club. He told the three hundred businessmen about his occupational survey of their sons' and daughters' job hopes. "I wish each of you could sit down with half a dozen boys, one at a time, and talk like Dutch uncles to them about what it takes to get a job and hold it," he concluded.

The chairman of that meeting met the challenge. "I'll bet there isn't a man in this room," he said, "who wouldn't talk with any boy you sent to his office."

"I'll bet there isn't a boy in the senior class," replied Dugdale, "who wouldn't be tickled to have a talk with a successful businessman."

It was the beginning of Portland's "Dutch uncle" plan. Today six hundred business and professional men from Kiwanis as well as Rotary are helping put boys (and girls, too) on the right livelihood track. They are revising their ideas about young people in the process. As the head of Rotary put it: "A lot of us who used to moan that the youth of today is going to the dogs are now saying, 'I always told you that the younger generation has the stuff.'"

There was no difficulty whatever lining up the six hundred businessmen. They volunteered to a man. The system by which each year's 3,600 high-school seniors are scheduled for appointments is the work of the school and has operated smoothly from the start.

All else was not clear sailing, however. The first few interviews, for instance, were mostly duds — the boys were ill at ease and apparently unable to ask the right questions to get a businessman to open up. The trouble was the boy's ignorance of the business which he was thinking of following, so brief monographs were prepared under the general title of "What People Do." The one on "Pharmacy," for example, tells just what a pharmacist does, what he has to know, how much money he may expect to make, and so on. Incidentally, it was checked by a pharmacist. To date, sixty businesses and trades have been thus covered. At first mimeographed, the monographs are now printed, and every high school has several complete sets on file, for consultation by any class. Seniors may have copies to keep.

Kiwanis also backed the making of a motion picture, called "How to Ask for a Job." In it, two boys and girls from each Portland high school are shown going to local businessmen and asking for work. They do it both the right and the wrong way. Every senior sees this picture before he himself calls on a businessman. It gives him an idea of what to expect and allays apprehensions.

Another forward step was the appointment of teachers in each high school as counsellors. These counsellors talk over various occupations with the boys and girls before appointments are made with the businessmen. This usually narrows a senior's interest to two or three occupations or, better yet, a single occupation; it avoids needless interviews. The counsellors have each boy draw up a list of questions to ask and then suggest the proper order of using such questions as seem pertinent. Certain questions open up a sponsor most readily. The best opener-uppers are, "How did you get started in this business, Mr. Merchant?" and "What's the best way for me to get started in your business?"

Girls were not included in the plan the first year, but have been in it ever since, and are given the same coaching as the boys.

It came as something of a shock to Dugdale to find that many teachers had only the vaguest idea of job requirements, yet were trying to counsel boys and girls on how to get and hold jobs. To help them, two businessmen go to the schools each week, representing wholesale produce, sheet metal, air reduction, or some other industry, and spend the afternoon with the sixty teachers assigned to coach the boys and girls for their interviews.

II

EVEN IN TRADE school, with its sharp delineation of occupational requirements, the guidance program helps.

Thus Bill Thomas of Benson High trade school, where metal or wood work, plumbing, electricity, printing, and a score of other trades are taught, was directed away from these to — of all pursuits — cooking! He had been almost too ashamed to admit his fondness for it, be-

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cause cooking was something girls did. "Not always," the teacher told him. "Most of the chefs of the big hotels are men. How would you like to talk with the chef of the Multnomah Hotel?" Bill's eyes glowed. He spent an afternoon in the Multnomah's kitchen, picking up there the information that Oscar of the Waldorf makes $22,000 a year, cooking. That settled it for Bill and for nine of his friends.

Bill's classmate, George, wanted to be a timberman. The lumber industry is big business around Portland, and George had heard his father and his uncle talking about it, although neither had any connection with the business. Arrangements were made, and George spent a week end with a forester on a nearby mountain. It wasn't what he expected, and he came back completely cured of the forestry idea. Superintendent Dugdale feels that George's interview was just as successful as Bill's. It is as important for a boy to find out that he doesn't like an occupation as to discover that he does.

However, the most frequent notation in the report mailed back by the businessman to the school is, "Please send this boy back to see me again." Once in a while, a senior has to talk with ten or a dozen businessmen, but most of them find their line after two interviews, and many hit it right the first time. In almost every case where a boy shows a real interest, the businessman invites him to come back from time to time and talk things over.

Every boy is cautioned before he goes to his interview not to ask for a job. But already several hundred have been offered jobs by the businessmen themselves. More than one boy has reported back to his teacher-counsellor: "I don't know if I did right, but Mr. Jones asked me if I didn't want to fill out an application blank for a job, and I did it." On numerous occasions, businessmen have phoned some weeks later to locate promising youngsters they had counselled. One counsellor was so impressed with a boy whom he advised to go to college that he drove down to the University of Oregon to line up a job for him. One girl who thought she wanted to be a singer was offered jobs by two radio-station managers to whom she had been sent. (But twenty-six others with the same aspiration were advised to try some other occupation.)

One of the eye-openers to the boys and girls is how punctilious businessmen are about keeping their appointments and how graciously they receive people. Frequently, when boys or girls fail to appear, the sponsors call up and ask what happened to them. One of the school's most delicate problems was the man who telephoned: "How come you've sent six boys over to interview Johnson and only one to see me?"

An astonishing discovery, not only for boys and girls but for teachers as well, is that there are over nine hundred different occupations in the Willamette Valley, of which Portland is the hub. As Superintendent Dugdale points out, Portland is not an unusual place but a typical American community. Putting the community's boys and girls in firsthand contact with these opportunities for livelihood has raised the hopes of a generation.

Explained Mr. Dugdale:

> The whole purpose of our plan is to make these youngsters understand that the world doesn't owe them a living and that they must offer something in the way of service that somebody will want to buy. It is a new idea to most of them. But once they've adopted it, if they have any push or personality, they get a job. Last year fifty per cent of the senior class had jobs lined up by the time they received their diplomas.

The plan is one that almost any high school or group of high schools could adopt. In fact, Seattle, Minneapolis, Denver, and Pittsburgh already are adapting it to their needs, and federal educational authorities are studying the Portland plan with an eye to using it as a pattern for a national vocational-guidance program.

Next Month:
'Minnesota's Prodigy — Harold Stassen,'
by Isabel Henson Masters

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McNutt Is Willing

by **HENRY F. PRINGLE**

EVERY AMERICAN boy may have a constitutional right to become President of the United States; but, if he admits on achieving manhood that he wants the job, he is severely criticized. It is one thing to seek delegates for nonpersonal reasons — to save the nation, for instance, from the lunacies of the New Deal or from the reactionary doctrines of the G.O.P. The candidate who says frankly that he would like to be President is viewed with grave suspicion, however.

Thus one of the main indictments found against Paul V. McNutt is that he declares both privately and publicly that he wants to be the Democratic nominee if, as, and when President Roosevelt reveals that he will not run again. He says that Roosevelt is his first choice. Paul McNutt is his second choice — possibly a close second but a second nonetheless. So he bustles around the nation making speeches on behalf of his number-two candidate and encourages an active organization to work on his behalf.

These outspoken yearnings have filled the rivals of both parties with righteous indignation. They whisper darkly that McNutt's ambition is even more wicked because of the decades he has nurtured it. They set forth solemnly that he dared to mention his desire while still in the Harvard Law School. Before the Democratic Convention assembles, there will doubtless be a whispering campaign to the effect that the infant Paul's first words, as he lay in his crib in Franklin, Indiana, back in the 'nineties, were a moist, "I want to be President."

A second charge, equally grave, made against Candidate McNutt is that he is too handsome to be President. "Pretty Boy McNutt," the "Platinum-haired Knight from the Banks of the Wabash," and "Honeyboy from Indiana" are among the derogatory titles describing his pulchritude. Behind these, it must be conceded, some justice lies. Warren G. Harding was also a pretty man with white hair. I am happy to report that Mr. McNutt is not quite as pretty as his pictures indicate. He is not as good-looking as Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor or even Clark Gable. His white hair is striking, and his figure is fairly hard for a man who is on the edge of fifty, but his appearance is not so overwhelming as to preclude the possibility that he has brains.

The excitement over Paul McNutt's brazen desire to be President and over his pictorial qualities has obscured, to a degree, sensible discussion of his other qualities. A good many obstacles stand in the path of his ambition, even if the President rejects a third-term nomination. He must outwit the crafty Jack Garner. Postmaster General Jim Farley, who has aspirations of his own, detests him openly. Secretary of State Cordell Hull may, in the end, receive the blessing of the White House. Other Democrats, including Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, are in the field; and the convention, if Roosevelt doesn't run, will be a dogfight at best. McNutt, moreover, has alienated Southern factions of the Democratic Party by his advocacy of the New Deal in all its phases.

Among McNutt's assets, on the other hand, are his gifts as a shrewd and practical politician who was raised in the cold, hard school of Indiana. He is without modesty, false or otherwise. He has no inhibitions against using every legitimate means for attaining the objective he seeks. He has shown that he can win the support of the politicos and possibly that of the general public, by achieving election as State and National Commander of the American Legion and later as Governor of Indiana. He has a flair for florid oratory which is still effective, particularly in back-road communities and in rural areas.

But McNutt's qualifications for the agoniz-

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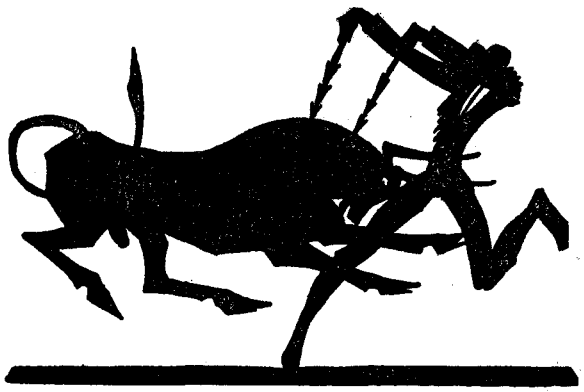

ing problems which will confront the next President of the United States remain somewhat sketchy. No evidence exists that he has thought much about economics or foreign affairs. On the other hand there is slight doubt that he is an excellent administrator and executive. He was an able, if dictatorial, Governor of Indiana. His record as High Commissioner to the Philippine Islands added to his reputation for getting things done. The speeches he is making give due consideration to the problems of a troubled world, of course, but his private conversations indicate that one issue is uppermost in his mind: whether he can get the Democratic nomination. This issue absorbs him, and he can discuss his advantages and disadvantages far more objectively and at greater length than most men can talk about their golf.

McNutt was a degree baffled in 1937 as his term as Governor of Indiana ended. Re-election was barred by the State constitution. What should he do next to further his White House ambitions? Friends and acquaintances were eagerly pumped for advice.

One possible opening was the presidency of the University of Indiana. McNutt was qualified as an alumnus, a former Dean of the Law School and as an ex-Governor of the Hoosier State. Certain of the trustees were under obligation to him, and they were forced to listen when he intimated that the presidency, soon to become vacant, might be an acceptable steppingstone to greater glory.

But another distinguished alumnus threw tons of cold water on the plan. "If you take it you will wreck the University and yourself, too," he warned bluntly. "You'll inject politics into a great educational institution."

McNutt hastily abandoned his campaign. He let word circulate that he was honored by suggestions that he become prexy of his Alma Mater. But even the slightest chance that Republican reprisals might injure the old girl was enough, and he could not accept.

II

THE EXACT STATUS of Paul McNutt at the White House and in Administration circles is as confused as the mind of a Southern Democrat who loathes the New Deal and yet must vote the straight ticket on Election Day.

By the grace of President Roosevelt, McNutt's problem of what to do after leaving the governorship was solved. He was appointed High Commissioner to the Philippines, an office which removed him from the perils of the immediate political scene and which added another resounding title to his string. Last summer the President boosted his prospects further, by selecting him for the vitally important job of Federal Security Administrator.

On McNutt's big mahogany desk at the offices of the FSA is an inscribed photograph: "To my old friend, Gov. Paul McNutt — FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

It would be unkind to suggest that this was written in one of the President's impish moods. Yet the fact remains that McNutt is far from an "old friend." He is not listed among the chosen who declared themselves for Roosevelt prior to the 1932 convention at Chicago.

Last December, Secretary of the Interior Ickes was asked whether it was true that Roosevelt, rejecting the kingly crown, would place it on the princely head of Paul McNutt. "Frankly I don't think so," said Roosevelt's cabinet member. Then he added gratuitously: "And I don't know anyone else who has that impression."

This was discouraging to the boy who was trying to get along toward the White House. In a speech some days later, McNutt revealed a touch of baffled irritation. In his mind, apparently, were Roosevelt's occasional references to himself as the quarterback of a football team. "You don't sometimes know," McNutt said, "whether the quarterback wants you to carry the ball or run interference."

At that, McNutt is in no worse position than any of the other Democratic candidates. And he does not delude himself that nomination is possible without an affirmative nod from the Oracle. "Nobody can be nominated against the

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President's wishes," he has said frankly, though privately. "Nobody can be nominated without the President's active support. I suspect that no Democrat can be elected unless the President openly campaigns for him."

The Federal Security Administrator was not discouraged for long after Ickes' unkind declaration. He went ahead with his plans. In April he obtained a leave of absence and announced that he would make a coast-to-coast tour.

McNutt's hat had been thrown in the ring when he returned from the Philippines the previous summer. It had landed to an accompaniment of tinkling Martinis. For McNutt's backers staged a cocktail party at the Mayflower Hotel which made history in the capital. The cost was estimated at from two to three thousand dollars. Some two thousand guests attended, and acid criticism, particularly from those who had imbibed the cocktails, arose over the splurge. The party brought McNutt's name to the attention of everybody, though, and that was its purpose.

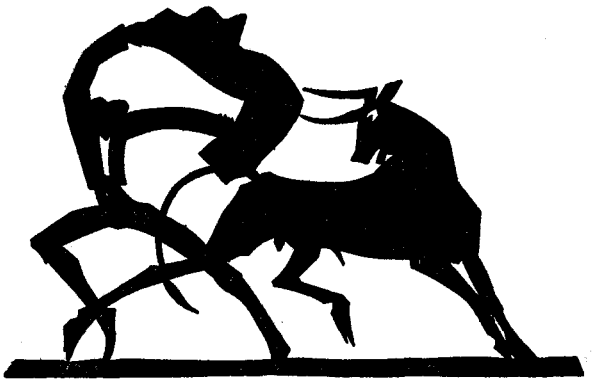
Being far from an introspective type, McNutt seldom gives way to discouragement. And he has never failed to impress both his name and his personality on those whom he has met.

When he was ten years old, according to Hoosier legend, he won his first elective office. This was the secretaryship of the Epworth League of Martinsville, Indiana, where the family had moved. Little Paul campaigned more or less actively for the job among the junior members of the Methodist Church.

The crest of the McNutt family, incidentally, bears the motto, "Omnia Fortunae Committo." It is an excellent slogan for a presidential candidate, but McNutt has improved on it. He commits many things to fortune but he also works zealously on his own behalf.

III

THE NAME HAS no connection, despite all the jokes based thereon, with the "Boob" McNutt cartoon creation of Rube Goldberg. The existence of Boob, even as a cartoon fantasy, was a definite political handicap. McNutt took all the jibes gamely, but he was relieved and grateful when Cartoonist Goldberg, although of Republican political faith, announced that he would abolish Boob until the end of the presidential campaign, at least.



Some ancestor played a mean trick on Paul McNutt. The family name, of Scotch extraction, was originally McNaught — about which no cracks could have been made.

The boy was born on July 19, 1891, in Franklin, Indiana, and was christened Paul Vories McNutt, the middle name being that of a family friend. His father, John C. McNutt, was a country lawyer who was able to boast in later years that he had accumulated a competence of some sixty thousand dollars and could therefore retire. The McNutts were simple stock. The elder McNutt, going through the ritual of baptism, actually cut the ice on a local pond so that he could be properly immersed. That he was not wholly practical, for he had political ambitions, is indicated by his devotion to the Democratic Party in a State where all the respectable people were Republicans. One of Paul's earliest memories is the 1900 campaign in which William Jennings Bryan opposed President McKinley and in which his father supported the Great Commoner. So did Paul, at the age of nine, by being a color-bearer in the town fife-and-drum corps.

Paul McNutt's life confirms the ancient adage that the child is father to the man. The man is today a Mason and also an Elk. He is a member of Rotary and also of Kiwanis. The boy was also a joiner.

In high school he was president of the senior class, editor in chief of the paper, and star of the dramatic society. He organized a Greek-letter fraternity and achieved election as president of it.

Nearly all educational roads in the Hoosier State lead to Indiana University, so Paul went, as a matter of course, to the Athens at Bloomington. Again, he was soon a big shot on the campus. The vitality and the capacity for hard work which were to mark his life developed at

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the University. McNutt was not brilliant, but he made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year. He played baseball, was more or less the star of the university dramatic club, was head of the student union, and was something of an orator. Certain of his classmates recall, as the classmates of potential presidential nominees always do, that he was destined for great things even then. They point out, forgetting the flowery quality of all class predictions, that his fellows of the senior class prophesied that he would "write a name in the annals of the world." More realistic classmates remember that he slid through his courses with competence but no profundity. "A comprehensive account based on small knowledge," was the notation by a caustic history professor on one of Paul's examination papers. They remember, too, that he was both suave and practical in his relations with his fellow students.

In his sophomore year he was somewhat disturbed to find that the same coed appealed to both himself and a fraternity brother. This might lead to some friction, he was afraid, and was surely in disharmony with the holy fraternal bonds. So he suggested that they talk it over. The fraters in Beta Theta Pi went for a long walk and discussed the situation. They agreed that Jennie was an attractive bit. Paul emphasized the need, though, for exclusive attentions on the part of one of them. "Under the circumstances," he told his fraternity brother, "I think you should withdraw."

McNutt was graduated from Indiana in 1913. The previous year his father, still a stubborn Democrat, had made another attempt to win political office. His campaign for a Supreme Court nomination failed, however.

Paul had accompanied his father to the State convention, and was plunged into gloom when the nomination went elsewhere. His father expressed appreciation for his sympathy.

"I was thinking," Paul explained, "that there go my chances for the Harvard Law School."

"I'll see that you get there anyway," said the father.

The family homestead was mortgaged to that end; Paul was graduated in 1916; and the firm of McNutt & McNutt was duly organized in Martinsville.

Paul was not destined to practice law. He tried a few cases. He was nominated by the Democrats for prosecuting attorney and lost by five votes. But he returned to Bloomington when he was offered a post as instructor in the Law School. Then came the war. McNutt was soon a captain in the field artillery. He was discharged a lieutenant colonel, without going to France, when the armistice came. To his eternal credit, McNutt is among the few former colonels who do not insist on being addressed by their military titles.

Meanwhile he had married pretty Kathleen Timolat, whom he had met at a dance in San Antonio, Texas, while on duty there. They have one child, a daughter who is a freshman at Indiana State.

Mrs. McNutt is among her husband's best political assets. She is gay and friendly as well as pretty. She has a realistic frankness unusual in the wives of political candidates. Some months ago a Washington correspondent, trying to be funny, asked her views on the Democratic presidential situation. "I hear a lot of talk about Garner," she said smoothly.

McNutt went back to Indiana State and taught law. His eye, as always, was on higher things, and he became Dean of the Law School in 1925. He was a success in the post. He raised salaries and attracted some excellent men to the school. But his ambitions continued to soar, and he had made a great discovery: that the American Legion was an excellent path to political greatness. By 1925 Dean McNutt was commander of the local American Legion post.

IV

McNutt had made another discovery, even more important. This was that the candidate who waited for "the call of the people" might get left. He never waited.

"Some of the boys are suggesting that I run for State Commander of the Legion," he said after being head of the Bloomington post for some months. He really did not want the job, he said, but he would accept if the boys insisted.

The convention was held a year later, and Dean McNutt, incomparably brainy among the shoe clerks and filling-station operators who composed the bulk of the delegates, was an outstanding figure. Even the fact that he had not fought in France was unimportant. His chief rival was a distiller who handed out so much liquor that even the Legionnaires disap-

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proved. And the distiller was no rival for the energetic McNutt, who leaped from his bed to address the boys, attended all caucuses, and lobbied zealously.

He was elected by a scant few votes. "I have no political ambitions," he told apprehensive Republican members of the Legion.

He was soon behaving, however, like a man seized with political fits. He made 1,300 speeches in a single year and did not limit his travel to Indiana. He was now seeking the top post in the American Legion. A national commander would be chosen in 1928.

At first, McNutt's chances seemed forlorn. He was hardly known outside his native State. But he traveled some forty thousand miles, attended the convention as a dark horse, and again let it be known that he would appear before all committee meetings, however small. He went from hotel door to hotel door. "Don't worry; I'm going to be the next Legion Commander," he told his wife on election morning.

This was real progress, personally as well as politically. The boss of the Legion received $10,000 in salary and a $12,000 traveling account. Both major parties knew that Legionnaires, although sworn not to mix Legion activities with politics, would be inclined to support their national commander. McNutt increased the membership by 36,000. He wangled an additional nine million dollars for hospitals out of Congress. He took no apparent stand against the increasing demands of the Legion for pensions, bonuses, and other raids on the public treasury. Thus, as his term ended in 1929, he was an obvious candidate for a post of still greater brilliance. The Democratic Party in Indiana was disorganized, owing to the death of Boss Tom Taggart.

Two massive and shrewd political leaders had joined forces with McNutt by 1930. Frank McHale and Bowman Elder, whose average weight was in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, knew that the leaderless Democratic Party could be had for the taking. They used McNutt as their front and took it.

His debut was at the 1930 State convention, where the quality of his oratory might have caused a stampede but for the regrettable fact that McNutt was not a candidate for anything. Only minor offices were being filled.

Two years later, however, he was the choice of the Democrats for Governor of Indiana. This was the year of Roosevelt's elevation to the presidency. McNutt campaigned lustily for the national ticket and doubtless won many votes for it. Jim Farley could not forget, though, that McNutt had supported the late Newton D. Baker at the Chicago convention, and Farley openly called McNutt "that platinum-blond so and so."

McNutt took office in January, 1933, with a Democratic legislature to help him ram through measures which anticipated President Roosevelt's own New Deal. He reorganized relief, consolidated 102 State bureaus and departments into 8, reduced expenditures by four millions a year, revised the tax system, cut utility rates, reorganized the banks, and left the State with a ten-million-dollar surplus in 1937. The Republicans howled that he was a dictator and that the lawmakers bowed beneath his cracking whip. His supporters answered that McNutt had planned every measure carefully and with expert assistance. In any event, he got things done.

Controversy still rages over a scheme of the McNutt cohorts to raise money. Republican officeholders had been turned out to make way for needy Democrats. The Democrats were promptly assessed 2 per cent of their annual salaries, and from $125,000 to $250,000 were collected annually. The so-called "two-per-cent club" was declared to be in violation of the corrupt-practices act and was in due course dissolved. But McNutt and his followers privately defend it. They say it was better to collect from the party workers than from corporations which would have demanded favors in return. No proof has ever been offered that McNutt benefited personally by so much as a penny. Continuing efforts of income-tax investigators to dig up a scandal have aroused sympathy, more than anything else, for the former Governor of Indiana.

Another charge against the McNutt regime was that his backers profited when repeal of Prohibition came, by a plan which divided the State into revenue districts. A permit holder in each, presumably a McNutt man, could import and license whatever brands of beer he selected for his district, and the scheme naturally had vast potentialities. One trouble, however, was that there were not enough districts to go around. Ultimately the revenue districts followed the "two-per-cent club" into oblivion.

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V

THE PRESIDENTIAL bee was buzzing in Paul McNutt's platinum hair long before he left office as Governor of Indiana. At the same time and to his credit, the horizon of his thinking was expanding.

At first he was wholly callous in encouraging the spoils system. One secretary did little except hand out jobs. But in the end Governor McNutt admitted the virtues of civil service, a reform almost unknown in Indiana. He supported and put through a bill establishing the merit system for the State Department of Welfare Workers.

His horizon expanded still more when he reached the Philippine Islands as High Commissioner. The situation out there was ticklish. The American Congress had ruled that the islands would be granted independence in 1946, and it already appeared probable that this would be a disaster.

President Manuel Quezon had hoped to dictate the appointment of the High Commissioner and did not attempt to hide his irritation when McNutt arrived. Paul promptly settled the question of who was top man. The chief representative of the United States would take precedence at all functions, he ordered. Quezon swallowed his chagrin. "When the High Commissioner and I meet," he said smoothly, "we do not worry about who is toasted first. We just have a drink together."

McNutt's relatively brief sojourn in the Philippine Islands was an educational interim of great value. The islands are a minor crossroads of the world. McNutt had a chance to meet British, French, and other statesmen passing homeward from their posts in the Far East, and he pumped them eagerly for information on international economics and finance. He questioned them on foreign affairs and on the Far Eastern situation. McNutt also traveled in Japan and China and read voluminously. He returned to the United States last summer a far wiser and broader man. Regarding the Philippines, he made one pregnant observation: "The American regime followed two contradictory policies. By one we bound them closer to us economically. By the other we laid the foundation for complete political independence."

His presidential potentialities were heightened by this period abroad. He further advanced himself when he took office as Federal Security Administrator. McNutt's most hostile critics were soon admitting that he had surrounded himself with able assistants, that he was carrying on the arduous duties with vigor, that he was more than a handsome figurehead.

Yet a candidate who works for a nomination in the shadow of another man does so under appalling difficulties. McNutt must echo the President. All too often, though, it is not easy to find out what the President thinks or what his policies of tomorrow may be. So McNutt must proceed with extreme caution.

It may be stated more or less categorically that he believes in keeping the United States out of the war; what aspirant does not? He stands for extension of unemployment and old-age benefits, for increased production of manufactured goods without lowering wages, for additional unemployment relief. He thinks that America's foreign trade should be expanded in South America; that the national debt, "as such," is not a basic reason for alarm; that taxes should be imposed where they will least damage the consumption power of the nation; that labor should have a legal right to organize and to strike and be protected in those rights.

All in all, McNutt's views are harmless enough. The cornerstone of his political gospel is the calm conviction that Paul V. McNutt is well qualified to be President of the United States. He will not abandon his fight, it may be assumed, if the prize goes elsewhere at the Democratic convention. For he is not yet fifty years old. He will still be eligible in 1944 and 1948. Meanwhile there is nothing to indicate that he would reject the vice-presidency.

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Facing a Sense of Failure

by **AVIS D. CARLSON**

As the years since 1929 drag on, more and more of us find ourselves struggling with a sense of failure. Not only those of us who have had to accept public aid but layers and masses of us somewhat further up the scale are affected. In the hours when we let ourselves think of it, we realize that we are not making headway in the aims we once blocked out for ourselves. If we are not actually losing ground, all our energy is going into the brute effort to hang on. This, in the American tradition, constitutes failure.

The sense of failure is of course nothing new in human experience. Frustrations and disappointments are the common lot. People in early middle age practically always have to adjust themselves to the fact that they are not to accomplish all they have dreamed. Hardly anyone is so lucky as to escape rather extended periods of sharp and apparently final defeat.

But in America the mass feeling of failure, which is expressing itself in the defeatist mood of the moment and in the tense or sadly resigned faces one now sees everywhere, is something new. It could not have happened in the frontier period of expansion and widespread opportunity.

No inner conflict is easy, but this one is particularly savage. Facing setbacks which can be made to look temporary is something very different from facing the thought that one's life is not amounting to anything much and apparently is not going to. Most of us can manage to endure suffering and pain with a reasonable amount of fortitude, but failure is a "salted wound that burns and burns again." The thought of it as part of the permanent furniture of life is next to intolerable.

It is especially hard for us Americans, for we have made a cult of success. We are notorious for liking a winner. We write our novels about him and fill our newspapers and movies with him. Very carefully we bring up our children to believe that, though Mother and Father have somehow missed being topnotchers out in front where the drums pound and the cameras snap, *they* will succeed.

On the face of it, there is nothing much wrong with this adulation. Admiration of someone whose achievements are greater than one's own is fine and generous. But some aspects of the cult are not so pretty.

For one thing, we have measured success too largely in terms of prestige and financial accomplishment. Our yardstick for a man's stature tends to be either the amount of publicity he gets or the amount of money he makes. That is to say, either he must have the reputation of being "tops in his line" (whether he is or not does not matter so much as the reputation) or he must be a substantial citizen known to have money in the bank. The amount of publicity or money required to make him a "success" depends roughly on the size of his community. In a small town he makes the grade with much less than in a city.

Stated so barely, this sounds silly but innocent enough. Actually it has powerfully affected the behavior of all of us by exerting on us constant pressure toward achievement in these lines. Hence the flourishing tribe of publicity agents, the stunting to make front pages, the studied eccentricities which masquerade as personality, the high percentage and wide variety of "phonies"; and hence our constant strain to make more money to spend more conspicuously to let the world know that here is a winner.

The other unfortunate aspect of the cult is

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that it has made inability to achieve, in these terms, denote something wrong with the personality. The right sort of people succeed; ergo, those who do not become celebrated or at least comfortably well-to-do are not the right sort of people. They must be weak, soft, dumb, awkward — something wrong, somewhere. Thus the "failure" not only misses the fun of attention and the power that money gives but acquires the positive contempt of those around him. If he were any good, he would not be a failure, we feel, even though we do not say it so baldly.

Living with Oneself

These are, of course, not our Sunday sentiments. Our writers and educators and preachers have kept up a constant campaign about the values of noble character and sweet disposition. The first premise of organized religion is that spiritual values are of more importance than a front-page name or money in the bank. But actually? Those who write and talk most persuasively have kept a weather eye out for "what it takes." And I have yet to know a church which gave a prominent position on its lay board to someone whose distinction lay in being the finest character in the membership. We have had our Sunday sentiments about success and failure, but our everyday ways of dealing with them are something else again.

That is the traditional American attitude toward "those two impostors" which are supposed to be treated alike. The important thing to be noted about it here is that it was based on a way of life which is passing.

It must be five years since I have heard any one praised as a go-getter. The "success story" begins to sound old-fashioned and unreal. Boys thrill to Dick Tracy instead of Horatio Alger. Young men whose fathers left school sure that the world was their speedway are doing a year or two of graduate work because they have no illusions about the tough business of job hunting and job holding.

In plain words, most of us now have very little chance for success on the old scheme of valuation. And, if we got it, the government would become very nosy about our tax returns — not just this administration but any we can conceivably have in our lifetime. It cannot be said too emphatically: a way of life is passing, and, with it, many of the good old ways to success.

But unfortunately the whole tribe of emotions and attitudes bred of it and nurtured by it are still very much with us. The problem they set us is a hard one. For, though the way of life is passing and our chance of success on its terms is diminishing, we must still respect ourselves in order to live.

If all the patient work of all the psychologists, psychiatrists, and analysts through the last twenty years has proved anything, it is that without self-esteem no one lives happily or effectively. We can manage to get along without much social recognition but we have to think well of ourselves. Group esteem is chiefly valuable for its corroboration and dramatization of our cherished opinion that, in spite of our handicaps and shortcomings, we have our own sort of competence, that we are useful and respect-worthy, doing pretty well considering the material we have to work with.

How to keep our self-esteem when success in the terms in which we have defined it becomes increasingly unlikely is an intensely personal question. We do our work, we are governed as members of groups. But we face our sense of failure only as individuals.

I am stern enough to think it must be faced. All the fine dodges for evading it lead to jitterbugging, dejection, indigestion, or possibly a hospital for mental diseases. The only safe thing to do with an inner conflict is to admit its existence and try to understand it. Usually then it can be dealt with. Facing one's sense of failure is no picnic, especially when so many of the people one meets are also in a hopeless, defeatist mood. But there are attitudes and disciplines which help.

Self-Deceptions

First, some ways not to face it.

Chief among these is "I don't care." Even the fox who yapped that the grapes were undoubtedly sour did not attempt to fool himself by saying he did not care. If he hadn't cared, he wouldn't have spent all that energy in jumping.

But his way was not much better. Recognition from one's group is desirable, and, if money in itself is nothing, the things it can buy are very pleasant indeed. When one has spent ten or twenty years trying to write a best seller or

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make a business expand, small comfort is to be had from thinking, "I shouldn't have liked it if I had got it." Only a person unusually skillful can get himself to believe it. And, even if he can believe it, the feeling that he has wasted so much effort on something undesirable or, at most, not worth attempting is almost as devastating a blow to his ego as the failure itself.

A way that really helps may savor a little of buck passing, though I do not think it is that. A buck passer finds fault with his tool or the people with whom he works. He assures himself and whoever will listen to him that he did not have a fair deal — he has a physical handicap; his folks did not give him a college education; the boss has a spite at him; his wife is a drag on him. By some such plea he tries to avoid feeling responsible for his lack of attainment.

That is buck passing in its classic form, a psychological device as old as speech, one of the fanciest of all the evasions. It is an exceedingly poor way to face failure, because only the buck passer hmself accepts the explanation; if he has any sense whatever, it does not fool even him very satisfactorily.

It is, I think, quite different from the quiet perception that we live in a world changing so rapidly that procedures and plans which other generations could depend on to give success are now unreliable. A new invention may wipe out the whole line of work in which one is engaged and do it so suddenly that one has no time to shift safely to something else. The launching of a new set of chain stores in New York may ruin a shopkeeper in Nebraska. A war on the other side of the globe may so change the flow of commerce that a planter going about his business in Alabama and a workman in a Jersey hosiery mill suddenly find themselves in serious straits. Another individual, brought up in the tradition of "aggressiveness" and "go-getting," taught to believe that the accumulation of a competence is the first aim of life, now suddenly finds himself viewed with general suspicion as a malefactor of great wealth.

It is all very confusing, this world in which a way of living has begun to pass and in which finger posts and trail maps have become unreliable. Its confusion is multiplied because the outline of the coming world is still so vague and indistinct that finger posts and trail maps for it are not yet in existence. As Gaius Glenn Atkins says, "We are committed to hard, experimental ways of living." Neither the leaders of nations nor we who moved unnoticed beyond our small circle of intimates have any certainty now. Great and small, we must feel our way as we go. Whether we like it or not — and mostly we don't — we must live experimentally.

That word, "experimentally," belongs to the laboratory rather than to a manual of rules. And the laboratory is a place of many failures. Only those who work there know how many disappointments have been suffered in looking for the best way. Only they know how far even that best way often falls short of a really satisfactory solution to a problem. Surely it is not just buck passing to remind ourselves frequently that we live in a time when failure and frustration are more than usually the common lot. At any rate it is helpful.

Salvage Work

Self-esteem comes also through achieving excellence in something. This has been said so many times by the mental hygienists that it should be unnecessary to say it again. Yet many people suffer all their lives because they tie their wagons to stars beyond their reach and overlook those handily attainable. If it were possible to count all the Americans who are at this minute wincing under the salted wound because they are failing to sell novels or get into the movies or the Metropolitan or go to Congress or attain coveted professional advances, they would add up to an astounding total.

There is nothing wrong with such ambitions. But it is good sense to cultivate an easier excellence to cushion the defeat that may come. The woman who knows that she can cook a perfect meal or give a perfect evening to whatever guests she chooses to invite can face her failure as a maker of sonnets with good grace. The man who knows in April that his garden will be the neighborhood show spot for the next six months cannot be completely crushed if office promotion passes him by. Anything we do that others sincerely admire will turn the trick. And fortunately nobody is so mediocre that he cannot find something to excel at. The squirrel's ability to crack nuts might not get him into the geography book or bring tourists to exclaim over him, but he could still feel complacent about it.

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Another way of combating the sense of frustration is open to everyone. The accustomed ways of living are changing rapidly. Nobody knows precisely what the new ways are to be. But apparently we are coming into a time when we shall function more as social beings knitted into group activity and less as isolated, competitive individuals. The frontiersman moving on into fresh wilderness is already a romantic figure of the past, and the captain of industry savagely mowing down his competitors seems destined to follow him. But the possibility of achievement is not thereby destroyed. Only its mode is changing.

Most of those who are thinking about this tendency bewail it bitterly as likely to dim the American virtues of self-reliance and initiative. Perhaps it may. Who can know? But, if it does, it may be foolish to mourn them unduly. They are noble words, but some of the behavior which has gone by their name is anything but noble.

At any rate if success by the hustling, paddle-your-own-canoe (not to say dog-eat-dog) methods in which he was trained seems to have passed an individual by, he still need not think himself a failure. He may have to relinquish his ambition to move in the ethereal realms of out in front or to leave a substantial estate, but so long as he can have a degree of leadership in the groups to which he belongs he has something to temper the bad hours when he feels he is never going to amount to anything.

Through these cruel years many men have been saving their self-esteem by leadership in WPA groups, Townsend clubs, and other such organizations. Whenever I hear someone laughing at the airs he feels the leaders among, say, the General Welfare groups give themselves, I want to shake him. Usually he is an individual who has been able to endure his own blocked ambitions and wrecked plans because he was elected to the school board or chosen to important committees in the chamber of commerce.

In still another way one can beat down a sense of failure. Perhaps it is silly to talk of ideal human relationship in a time when swords clank deafeningly, people go hungry and ragged in the midst of plenty, and children are still occasionally beaten into insensibility. And yet the ideal is there, waiting to be made flesh.

Why must we count it less important to be a successful husband or wife than to make good "downtown"? Success in this complex, long-pull relationship is at least as difficult as in any other. And why is successful parenthood not an achievement to keep one's chin up in the most depressed hours? And why, when we face the thought of failure, do we so often forget to weigh in a talent for friendship or an acquired skill in making casual contacts fruitful? And why do the good will and tolerance we have built up against the grain of our prejudices not console us for our obscurity and dime watching?

Such questions answer themselves. We disregard such achievements because they had no place on the yardstick by which we were taught to measure success. We did a lot of talking about them, but it was only talk. There is, however, nothing to keep us from putting them on the yardstick. The successes we chalk up for ourselves in these areas are won only by patient, intelligent effort. It is possible to make them fortify us strongly in the hours when the salted wound burns most painfully.

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The BOOK FORUM

Life and Literature • *Mary M. Colum*

Complete Poems, by A. E. Housman
Last Poems and Plays, by W. B. Yeats
Paris Gazette, by Lion Feuchtwanger
The Crazy Hunter, by Kay Boyle
The Meaning of Happiness, by Alan W. Watts
Wisdom in Conduct, by Christopher Browne Garnett, Jr.

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The Spanish Adventures of Washington Irving, by Claude G. Bowers
The Black Winds Blow, by Frances Bainbridge Colby
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Look at the Law, by Percival E. Jackson
The Strange Lives of One Man, by Ely Culbertson
Empire on the Seven Seas, by James Truslow Adams
A Southerner Discovers New England, by Jonathan Daniels
A Mary Webb Anthology, selected and edited by H. L. Webb

Publishers' Announcements

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Poets and Psychologists

by **MARY M. COLUM**

TWO GREAT POETS, Yeats and Housman, died within a couple of years of each other: Housman in 1936, Yeats in 1939. Their passing withdrew from circulation in the English-speaking world a vast amount of passionate and imaginative energy, of proud and angry intellect.

Housman had more scholarly calmness though also more professorial irritability than had Yeats. Yeats had no stomach for the small points of scholarship that often gave Housman reason for rages. Yeats's angers had a sort of cosmic quality, and he had that vehemence which the Anglo-Saxons often find so puzzling and sometimes so admirable in the Celts within their gates.

Housman, though he never struck the highest note of English poetry, was yet so English that the roots of his poetry went back to the early verse-makers; those simple meters of his were used in the beginning by the men who made the ballads, the little lyrics, and the folk poetry; they were the meters of the poets of Robyn and Makyne and "Lenten is come with love to town." But he used them with a current of complexity under their smoothly flowing, familiar surface that wound itself into the memory of the young or the very sophisticated. He made phrases and lines that were the very image of those in the old English song writers — "With rue my heart is laden," "In summertime on Bredon," "On your midnight pallet lying," "Could man be drunk for ever." He put in his poems a strong, fanciful, gloomy, and sometimes humorous emotion. His humor, indeed, was fascinating and gave an edge to much of his poetry; it made his little prose essay, *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, which was the last word in intellectual sophistication, bamboozling and even shocking to some of his academic colleagues.

For A. E. Housman* was a professor, a Latinist, and had what so many of the old English song writers had — a strict classical culture which trained his mind in the use of brief, packed forms, in saying what he had to say in the fewest possible words and with Latin distinctness. For this is what the classical culture does for a writer of English, whether he chooses, like Milton, to write a Latinized English or, like Housman, simple Anglo-Saxon: it makes him write with economy and clarity. The long-windedness of contemporary writers comes partly from their lack of classical training.

But it has to be acknowledged that Housman had a narrow range. Like Poe, he believed that a poem should be short and he wrote nothing that exceeded a few stanzas. Like Yeats, he did not have a very extensive experience of life, and this would shock the theorists of contemporary realism. But he did not ruminate about the bit of life he sampled or dramatize it to the same extent that Yeats did; so all his poetry shows the same emotional attitude. Sophocles said in lines that both Housman and Yeats have translated that it would be better for a man never to be born or to leave life soon after birth. Housman kept this attitude in nearly all his poems:

"Lie down, lie down, young yeoman;
What use to rise and rise?
Rise man a thousand mornings
Yet down at last he lies;
And then the man is wise."

I heard the tune he sang me,
And spied his yellow bill;
I picked a stone and aimed it
And threw it with a will:
Then the bird was still.

Our elders who were young when Housman was young knew his *Shropshire Lad* as young men and women know no poet's work now. His contemporaries knew poems like:

"Farewell to barn and stack and tree,
Farewell to Severn shore."

and:

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away";

until the day they died.

For the young poets of our day, his attitude toward life, like his meters, is monotonous; and perhaps they do not see the emotional intensities and perplexities that are behind this clear poetry as they

* *Complete Poems* (*Holt; $3.00*).

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are behind so much traditional English poetry. And perhaps no poet will ever be able again to reproduce the English scene, rural England with its farms, its spires, its lanes, its market towns, as Housman has done. Wordsworth's England and Shakespeare's England and the England of "the holy land of Walsinghame" still survived for him; it was really there and made his poetry. But the poets of the *Waste Land* and the younger poets who have gone off on psychologizing and the association of ideas and the social problem are estranged from it; maybe, indeed, they have ended it. Housman gave us the English countryside with all the romance of its Roman roads, its Norman remains, its vanes, its "brooks too broad for leaping."

How irreverently his successors in England have come to regard him is shown in Auden's lines on him:

Deliberately he chose the dry-as-dust,
Kept tears like dirty postcards in a drawer;
Food was his public love, his private lust
Something to do with violence and the poor.

Now this is a pity, for no real poet can condescend to such an achievement as Housman's just because he happens to belong to a new day.

The Heroic Mind

Auden has also expressed himself about W. B. Yeats, with reverence, certainly, although he permits himself to say:

You were silly like us; your gifts survived it all.
. . . . . .
Time that is intolerant
Of the brave and innocent
. . . . . .
Worships language and forgives
Everyone by whom it lives;
Pardons cowardice, conceit,
Lays its honors at their feet.

Now time does not pardon cowardice or conceit in poets, for the simple reason that those things prevent that high language out of which remembered verses are made. And cowardice, by no manner or means, was a vice of Yeats: he was the most courageous man I ever knew. He venerated all heroic things, and that veneration and that courage of his is in all his poetry, in all expressions of his personality, giving exaltation to his language.

The lines that end *The Green Helmet* are typical:

And I chose the laughing lip
That shall not turn from laughing, whatever rise or fall,
The heart that grows no bitterer although betrayed by all;
The hand that loves to scatter, the life like a gambler's throw;
And these things I make prosper, till a day come that I know,
When heart and mind shall darken that the weak may end the strong,
And the long-remembering harpers have matter for their song.

In this we have exalted emotion expressed in a ringing ballad meter — and what our younger poets lack is emotional exaltation. We have in it, too, that high eloquence which is the secret of all successful poetic dramas and which made Yeats's verse dramas live on the stage. The Victorian verse dramatists made their characters discourse in lyrics, but Yeats made his characters discourse in speeches and tirades, while he put his lyrics into the choruses, as the Greeks did. It may seem an exaggeration to maintain that he was the greatest poetic dramatist since the Elizabethans, but who has surpassed him since? Perhaps one poet in one drama only — Shelley in *The Cenci*. Certainly not Browning or Tennyson or Stephen Phillips. Over all of them Yeats had the advantage that he had a theatre and a group of players on whom to try out all his plays.

His *Last Poems** are something else beside poems. They are the last testament of an extraordinary personality, of a vehement, lonely, passionate man, one who never forgot a friend or forgave an enemy. Here he brings before us all the friends he cared for — Augusta Gregory, John Synge, Hugh Lane — and returns again to the love of his youth, Maud Gonne.

He was the most Irish of all Irish writers and expressed everything in the national tradition, from the heroes of the old sagas to the street singers. He was indeed a sort of hereditary bard, like those who attended the old chieftains, and he saw himself in every role that such a poet might have filled — the friend of kings and princes, a purveyor of magic, a champion of causes, and a ragged ballad singer in the age when the chieftains were dispersed. In this collection he is often the ballad singer and makes ballads to be sung by the street singers. He whose ideal was the court life now sees himself as a ragged beggar or an old vagabond walking the hills. He who wrote such distilled and subtle lyrics, such deeply meditative poems, takes up the uneven rhythms and the gusty vocabulary of the street song.

The most rousing poem in the collection is that which contains his epitaph, the poem called *Ben Bulben*, at once his epitaph and his address to the country and the imaginative leaders of the country:

Irish poets, learn your trade,
Sing whatever is well made,
Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top
. . . . . .
Sing the peasantry, and then
Hard-riding country gentlemen.
. . . . . .
Cast your mind on other days that we
In coming days may be
Still the indomitable Irishry.

These poems, written before his death, for all that his old intellectual tempestuousness is still in them,

* *Last Poems and Plays* (*Macmillan; $2.00*).

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have not amongst them anything as remarkable as appeared in his previous volumes. There is no *Take Off That Mask of Burning Gold*, no *Sailing to Byzantium*, nothing like that marvelous revelation of a changing civilization, the chorus in *The Resurrection* that begins, "I saw a staring virgin stand." This poem sums up all the expectancy and confusion that were in men's minds as they glimpsed the fact that the old classical civilization was going out and that a new, strange one was coming in with the death and resurrection of Christ. In a few lines is expressed the terror that all the heights the old civilization had reached, Platonic tolerance and Doric discipline, were all in vain. A star over Bethlehem had brought a new world to birth.

The Babylonian starlight brought
A fabulous, formless darkness in.

The End of an Age

But in that former transition it was the bringers of the new civilization who suffered and were martyred. In our day, in many parts of the world, it is the representatives of the old order who are the martyred and persecuted. Lion Feuchtwanger's *Paris Gazette* * is an account of exiled Germans, Christian and Jewish, in Paris. This novel gives us, as no other novel we have read gives us, a sense of crisis in our history, a sense that the civilization we were born into, with all its beliefs, is being challenged and that behind the challenge is an unexpected and terrifying power. The very quietness of the tone of the book, the absence of striking characters or exceptional situations, adds to this effect.

The characters' plights are not different really from the plights that might befall a group of harassed New Yorkers — a woman trying to hold onto a job in a dentist's office, a boy trying to pass an examination, rows in editorial rooms, a musician distracted by the troubles of the world and trying to get a score finished. Nobody is very heroic or very pathetic. Then, among the Nazi agents, there are climbers and *arrivistes* trying to keep their places on the band wagon. Behind the commonplaceness of the happenings is a sense of dread and expectancy. All the personages become intensely interesting when we see them confronted with the bewildering Nazi power. Then we know all of them to be a sort of remnant and we watch with anxiety to learn what will become of them. They are, as it were, our world being displaced by a new and menacing power.

When the emissary from Berlin arrives in Paris to liquidate the refugee organ, the *Paris Gazette*, which has been keeping up an attack on the Nazi regime, he seems like the priest of some primitive but terribly forceful religion. This man, Heydebregg, is the real totalitarian as against the other Nazi agents in Paris, who, with their international culture, are too sophisticated to make a creed of the Nazi doctrines or the infallibility of the Führer or to condemn the transgression of race mixture. To Heydebregg these are genuine dogmas with the sanctions of some mysterious deity; to the others, the lip service they render them is an aid to holding their jobs. As for the exiles as a body, "they all wanted the same thing, passports, permission to work, money, a new home, and, most of all, the chance to get back to the old free Germany again."

But, for the American reader, one of the impressive things in the book, although it is the thing least emphasized, is the hospitality of France overrun by helpless exiles whom she is trying to place and provide for, trying to make sure at the same time that there are not in their ranks those who will betray her to the enemy. There are the Russian exiles who are there longest and are often jealous of the others; there are the Spanish, the Czechs, and now the Poles — and soon, maybe, the Finns and the Norse.

Kay Boyle's Special Talent

Kay Boyle's stories come out of a poetic and psychological endowment that has secured a following for her, a following that looks forward to every new book she produces. She is in my opinion the most talented of contemporary American novelists, with strange and distinguished qualities of her own. Every slight detail of her writing comes out of the most accurate objective observation; and yet, after reading, what remains in our mind is the symbolism. One could lay it down that the difference between real creative writing and fictioneering is the residue of symbolism that is left in the memory.

In this book, *The Crazy Hunter*,* comprising three short novels, the first two stories are the most distinguished; in them Kay Boyle subtly manages correspondences between the lives of her characters and the animals and wild life surrounding them. The life of the Lombes in *The Crazy Hunter* is somehow symbolized in the blindness of the horse, and the life of the Glowries in *The Bridegroom's Body* by the life of the swans. In these stories she gives the impression that all life is a unity, that people, animals, birds, branches are all part of the same thing, all projections of each other; in fact, the way in which all life, in her books, becomes a part of some mysterious, governing whole gives her work a special character. The psychology of a swan becomes as important, and its actions can have as devastating consequences as the actions of human beings. Her lengthy descriptions, accurate as they are, are not so much objective as part of the development of her personages. The detailed account of the grooming of the blind horse, given as it streams through the girl's consciousness, is somehow wrapped up with

*Viking; $3.00.

*Harcourt, Brace; $2.50.

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all her life's experience and her loneliness; it gives us not only her inner life but her physical appearance.

Kay Boyle has the peculiar American power of depicting loneliness and frustration; from Hawthorne's time until our own, Americans have excelled in this. It is a pity that in the excellent stories of *The Crazy Hunter* and *The Bridegroom's Body* she makes her characters and their setting British, for, in spite of the closeness of her observation, her personages have characteristics not easily associated with the inhabitants of either of those two islands on the western outpost of Europe. "Have you met up with the swanherd?" asks Lord Glowrie of the nurse in *The Bridegroom's Body*. Neither the situation in this case nor the language would have been possible. What Kay Boyle deeply knows is the American psyche. One feels that her books get written chiefly because of her restless psychological curiosity about men and women and their surroundings.

Sensitives versus Neurotics

This is one reason why novels get written. Others are written as a compensation for loneliness and frustration or as some solution of the author's own emotional conflicts. Alan W. Watts, the author of *The Meaning of Happiness*,* inclines to the not unpopular idea that we have neurosis to thank for some of the greatest human genius. "For the motive of escape from conflict has provided the driving force for artistic and scientific accomplishments."

Now first of all, spiritual and emotional conflicts do not make all their sufferers neurotics; they make only a proportion so; they can make of some people supermen of sanity. Then neurosis is a wearing instead of a driving force; and, if some neurotics have been geniuses, it is in spite, not because, of their malady. There is an immense difference between the people of acute nerves and senses — from whom artistic and, one supposes, scientific creations come — and those of diseased nerves and senses, whom a conflict can make neurotic or even insane.

Alan W. Watts deals with the whole problem of human happiness in relation to religion and inherited wisdom, and he attempts a synthesis of the wisdom of the East with whatever wisdom modern psychological discoveries have given us. Like many modern psychologists, he is interested in the development of hitherto unused senses, though how exactly the development of senses like clairvoyance and telepathy would add to human happiness is still a riddle.

The Meaning of Happiness contains a good deal that is valuable, but it is so poorly organized, so diffusely written, that it is difficult for even the well-disposed reader to get a clear idea of what its author is recommending. Hippolyte Taine, one of the first of modern psychologists, stated that the content of every book could be put into three pages

*Harper; $2.50.

by Arnold Wolfers

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— if publishers first demanded from the general run of psychologists that they outline the books they proposed to write in three pages, it would force the psychologists to be more meaningful.

Who Would Be Wise

The writer of *Wisdom in Conduct*,* Christopher Browne Garnett, Jr., has a much stronger grip on his material, a much more critical attitude toward the sages he draws from, and a much more disciplined mind than the writer of *The Meaning of Happiness*. A great deal of thought and work has gone into this book, which is a discussion of the total ethical situation as it affects modern humanity. The religious vacuum existing today is turning people's minds to books of this kind, though it is doubtful if any enlightenment they have to offer can make people either as happy or as ethical as religious faith once did.

The author makes an enlightening admission somewhere toward the end of the book:

> The happy life is likely to be strenuous and active, but also with considerable measure of failure and disappointment. It involves the kind of wisdom which creates new, positive values, not normally existing, or even supposed to exist, in the life of a particular person.

And so almost casually and at the end of many discussions, the whole question of wisdom in conduct and its results in happiness is taken out of the systems that the author discusses and that he is constructing; and we are brought to the conclusion that happiness is an unpredictable thing that cannot be accounted for and that comes out of no system. Thus it would seem that it is mother wit and not any system that helps us to happiness.

One supposes that the ethical teachers would reply that this mother wit has to be trained and guarded: hence the need for systems of ethics and investigations in psychology. The author of *Wisdom in Conduct* appears to be a wise man himself, for he does not make wisdom coextensive with self-preservation and self-interest nor does he make happiness come solely from something within us. Imagination is given a place in the wisdom that decides what conduct is for the best; it must work side by side with judgment and evaluation in reaching decisions on which happiness depends.

Mr. Garnett notes:

> The imaginative mind is like a searchlight which plays around and beyond the facts and not merely upon them. . . . Discrimination may deteriorate at any point into routine observation, but imagination is always opening new possibilities.

A man's attitudes and feelings are at the basis of his deeds, the author concludes truly enough. When he tells us that a man becomes wise in conduct only when his passions become expressed in a manner which he has judged to be wise, we know the author is talking wisdom but are we sure he is talking sense? Men notoriously have no judgment where their passions are concerned.

The first half of *Wisdom in Conduct* is a discussion of the ethical schemes put forward by the great teachers of the ancient and the modern worlds, and this makes quite an anthology of wisdom as applied to conduct. We have the wisdom of Socrates, Confucius, Lao-tse, Buddha, Plato, Aristotle, Hobbes, Hegel, Kant, Tolstoy. In the second part the author applies his evaluations to the circumstances of modern life, to such situations as divorce, group poverty, capital punishment, news, government, war, and so on — perhaps he covers too great a range.

Frequently he expresses arousing ideas in an unforceful way. Is it not time that psychologists and writers on ethics found a form in which they can express their ideas attractively and excitingly? Most of their books are flat for the general reader. Perhaps a dialogue which would dramatize the various points of view would be a way of giving point and variety to their writing. Or perhaps it would be well to do what the Greek and Chinese sages did — invent a type to which we could refer our perplexities — the superior man, the magnanimous man, the sane man, the social-minded man, the happy man.

The most stimulating idea advanced in this book is that, although prudence is wisdom, it is wisdom of a circumscribed sort: real wisdom, whether for the individual or the society, is always something emergent, forming new values, and is the outcome of imagination, knowledge, discrimination.

Then one asks if a man like Sophocles had wisdom when he said (the translation is Housman's):

> *Thy portion esteem I highest,*
> *Who wast not ever begot;*
> *Thine next, being born who diest*
> *And straightway again art not.*

Or had Yeats wisdom?

> *Seventy years have I lived*
> *Seventy years man and boy,*
> *And never have I danced for joy.*

*Harcourt, Brace; $3.50.

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Reviews of the Month

edited by

Eleanor Van Alen

FAILURE OF A MISSION, by SIR NEVILE HENDERSON (Putnam; $3.00).

THE FRENCH YELLOW BOOK — *1938 and 1939* (Reynal & Hitchcock; $2.50).

In these twin volumes, the old diplomacy abandons its protocols and appeals direct to the proletariat. By giving outright autobiography, Sir Nevile Henderson writes the best seller. But the documents issued by the French Foreign Office are full of human touches — for instance, the wonderful description by Ambassador François-Poncet of his visit to Hitler's mountain retreat on Ober-Salzburg, with its single approach through tunnel and elevator, heavily guarded by batteries of machine guns.

Sir Nevile endeavored to become intimate with the Nazi leaders and include them among his personal friends. He entertained hopes of a settlement and makes no bones about this.

The French exhausted every effort in their desire to compose differences between Berlin and Prague and Warsaw. They were patient and they were polite. But they entertained no illusions. They were convinced that they were dealing with a *fait accompli*, and, step by step, Sir Nevile was driven to a similar pessimism.

The three years covered by these volumes only began when the harm had been done. Germany had been permitted to re-enter the Rhineland and erect there a barricade behind which she was rapidly accumulating armaments for obviously aggressive use. The diplomats were thus like passengers in an automobile who are carried onward to a prearranged destination but while away the time in discussions of the scenery en route.

Prime Minister Chamberlain was inclined to consider what Hitler said. Hitler, on his side, considered only what Chamberlain did. And, when Britain began to rearm, the honeymoon after Munich was over. The negotiations which ostensibly were intended to keep the peace were transformed at once into an undeclared war.

The art of war includes the strategy that keeps an enemy guessing. Hitler's double handshake, the pleasing voice of Goebbels discoursing on culture to an acquiescent audience, the hospitable display of Hearst's classical tapestries by Göring, the ominous roll of drums that greeted the British Ambassador as he delivered his government's direct messages to the Führer, the angry outbursts of dictatorial resentment, the fervid pledges on the honor of a gentleman, the emotional appeals for a better understanding between nations that really ought to be friends — all of this was the smoke screen behind which maneuvered the destroyer.

That Hitler wished to gain his ends without bloodshed is apparent throughout these volumes. No surgeon operates for the sake of operating, and no gunman shoots for the sake of killing. But in his every demand there lay the threat of violence. That he desired to engage one enemy at a time is also clear from his attempts to detach England from France, France from England, Russia from the Allies, the Allies from the small nations. But this apparent moderation meant only that war in one region spelled victory, whereas a general war might result in defeat and revolution.

In 1914, world war was held to be a crime against the human race, and each of the leading belligerents issued official papers tending to minimize her share of responsibility for the disaster. After the armistice, Germany bitterly resented the verdict that the main burden of war guilt lay on her shoulders.

These later papers suggest that war guilt no longer troubles the prevailing conscience of the Nazis. In waging war, provoked or unprovoked, they consider that they are entirely within what may be called their racial rights. Hitler, we read, believes that he is the successor of Frederick the Great and Bismarck and that in seeking to surpass their aggressive achievements he is merely fulfilling his appointed destiny.

Even the switch of the Nazis to communist Russia was treated as merely incidental. It was hoped that Britain and France would be scared off fighting Germany over Poland. And the messages of President Roosevelt, broadcast over land and sea, had as little effect as the irritated murmurs of Sir Nevile when his hopes faded away into pessimism.

The diplomatic service in Berlin was divided into three groups. There were Hitler's partners. There were his opponents. There were his office boys. The conception of diplomacy as a means of adjusting human relations on the basis of reason, justice, and foresight was shattered.

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P. W. WILSON

THE SPANISH ADVENTURES OF WASHINGTON IRVING, by CLAUDE G. BOWERS (Houghton Mifflin; $3.00).

In the archives of the State Department no distinction is made between the dispatches of men of letters and those of mere mortals — statesmen or politicians. In the fat brown volumes with their fine blue paper there are wide variations in penmanship, which run from the flowing hands of professional amanuenses, through the crabbed letters of undersecretaries, to the still more crabbed letters of the great men themselves — the ministers and ambassadors. Transcending all these physical limitations, the style of Washington Irving hits the tired reader like a splash of clear, cold water. Through the complexities of intrigue and gossip which surrounded the court of Isabella II during the regency of Espartero, Irving moves, elegant and precise, nicely judging the relative importance of men and events. To him the functions of a minister seem to have been those of a modern foreign correspondent.

Claude G. Bowers, our Minister to Spain during the late civil war, is not the stylist that Irving was. He romps along in a free and easy fashion. He approaches Irving's Spanish sojourn as joyously as a fictional district attorney approaches an involved crime. Mr. Bowers' detective-like hunches are directed toward the shadowy figures in the background of Irving's letters. With a combination of skill, tenacity, and luck he ferrets them out. From faded letters in old trunks, from obscure art galleries, from crumbling castles, they emerge, young and alive. Leocadia Zamora, Antoinette Bolviller, Fanny Calderon de la Barca, the Count of Montijo (who was father of the Empress Eugenie), and the Duke of Alba are only a few of the euphonious personages who waltz, stride, or swagger across these pages.

The Spanish Adventures of Washington Irving are pure entertainment against an authentic background. In contrast to his method in other works, Mr. Bowers makes no use of this volume to grind his political ax, nor does he find any opportunity for heroic Jeffersonians to oust villainous Hamiltonians from office. Above all it is a relief to have one book come out of modern Spain not written in blood with iron.

JOHN J. SLOCUM

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THE BLACK WINDS BLOW, by FRANCES BAINBRIDGE COLBY (Harrison-Hilton; $2.50).

This new novelist is a member of a distinguished writing family, and this first novel shows unusual promise. It is surprising indeed that it has not received more attention at large. Perhaps this proceeds from the fact that it suffers naturally by comparison with two noted predecessors which it brings to mind — Santayana's *The Last Puritan* and *The Late George Apley*, by J. P. Marquand.

While less philosophical than the one, and less satirical than the other, *The Black Winds Blow* is more truly a novel than either. All three books contain much preoccupation with, and reflection on, the shared quest of values for a satisfying life. The conflict in this narrative arises because of the dying traditions and conventions of Back Bay Boston and its Brahmins. Besides this often unconscious and internal war on the part of the indigenous characters, there exists a subterranean stream of rebellion toward America and her materialism.

This dual theme follows throughout in the really simple psychological story of an international marriage, between Norah, of middle-class intellectual Dublin, and John Hillier, of Beacon Street society. The clue to John's complexity and background leisurely uncovers itself in his meditation in the little garden behind Norah's home where he has come to spend his Irish holiday. He has chosen Ireland because his late father (an artist not of Boston's gentility but accepted there out of self-conscious culture snobbery) had spoken often to him of the land. Norah Morton's "sense of dedication in her manner" drew him at once, for she had a deep gravity and directness that he lacked. Their brief idyll in Dublin soon fades in the cold reality of Norah's homesickness and premature pregnancy and then before the cold shoulder of Boston.

Miss Colby reproduces, for the most part brilliantly, the Irish cast of phrase — and, too, the Fascist talk of Boston as it first falls on Norah's unaccustomed ears. Just as Norah Hoult, the Irish author, has caught the rip tide of Dublin pub talk, so has this writer the flavor of more educated Ireland's people. She does not succeed in convincing this reviewer of Professor Lemos' aliveness. This Harvard professor mixes freely in the society he affects to despise and spouts much pretentious stuff we have heard before about the New England gods, Emerson and Judah. Nor does Miss Colby improve her book — but rather cheapens it — by so melodramatic a closing. Barring these unevening factors, *The Black Winds Blow* remains a novel of distinction, owing to its lyrical prose. Its author will bear watching.

E. V. A.

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By F. GARCIA LORCA.
Translated by ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Regarded by most critics as the best poet of modern Spain and one of the most significant European poets of our time, Lorca was martyred in the Spanish Civil War. He left behind him an impressive body of work both in poetry and drama. The present volume contains the most complete and carefully selected examples of his verse yet offered the English-reading public. The majority of them are here published for the first time either in Spanish or English. Included are several of Lorca's shorter and earlier lyrics and ten of the gypsy ballads, hitherto untranslated in book form. $2.50

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mittedly fiercely competitive area. At the moment, there is no assurance this condition will change. Therefore the youngsters trying to make a start in the business world are faced with their first real task when going after a job.

Walter Hoving in *Your Career in Business* declares the problem to be how the young chap or young girl can secure a job best suited to his or her potential capacity. Merely getting oneself employed, in his opinion, is a consideration secondary to making a start in the *type* of business or position which best coincides with the applicant's education and talent.

Mr. Hoving has written a fine book. Its material is better than good — it is excellent. It contains the accumulation of knowledge gained by an important and successful businessman, who has reached the top because of his own fine achievements. As was to be expected, he approached this important problem of job getting in an orderly, analytical way.

Hoving asks for a degree of self-analysis which any normal person can handle. There are two splendid sets of queries to help the reader in this not always pleasant task of being honest with oneself.

There is a corking chapter about working for the right boss. Hoving points out that there is a much happier relationship if the individual purposely seeks employment with a firm that has a long-term, helpful viewpoint toward employees. That chapter alone makes the book worth owning.

Another subject investigated — one which I have never seen covered in a business book — is the necessity, for all businessmen, of continuing their education even after they seemingly are well established in their jobs. The incidents used to bring home this point are well chosen and interesting.

All businessmen and women can profitably read this enjoyable book. It will make an ideal gift for young people about to start work or not too far along in business.

DONALD B. TANSILL

THE WANDERING LAKE, by SVEN HEDIN (Dutton; $5.00).

While so many of us are passively watching what is perhaps the political and social destruction of a world we have known and loved, far away in central Asia Sven Hedin has been witnessing the natural and geographical rebirth of a region he has known and loved for half a century. The great Swedish explorer of Tartary takes the reader with him in canoes and caravans back to the land of Lop Nor, along the Konche-daria, the newly formed Kum-daria, and the lower reaches of the Tarim River.

Much of our modern knowledge of that great region that lies between the Himalayas and the Gobi is owing to two great explorers and scholars. To Sir Aurel Stein must go the palm for archaeological research. Dr. Hedin, however, has, in his forty-five years of wanderings, left us a rich saga of adventure and valuable discovery. His present work is not for the general reader. It is fully understandable only in the light of his previous writings. Continual references are made to his book, *The Silk Road*, and to his recent and more exciting tale of adventures with the Tungan war lord, Ma-Chung-Yin, *The Flight of the Big Horse*.

In April, 1934, authorization which had been refused to others was given Dr. Hedin by the authorities of Sinkiang to explore the lower regions of the Konche-daria as far as the Lop Nor Lake. Sending some of his companions to meet him with lorries and supplies, he proceeded down the newly formed Kum-daria River in dugout canoes. An amusing picture is that of the old explorer seated at his packing-case desk athwart three of these canoes, his old gray cap in striking contrast to the sun helmets and Tartar headgear of his companions.

The scientific findings of his trip are important, largely for the study of the geography and ornithology of this little-known region.

There is not much adventure or thrilling suspense in this book, but Hedin in a few colorful pages does give us a description of imaginary hardships which he might have suffered from the sudden wind and sandstorms — those very storms which, in this vast plain, are responsible for the wanderings of the rivers and lakes.

The second half of his work is given over to a report for the Nanking government on the practicability of motor transport along the old silk road through Lou-lan, the junction that had vanished after 300 A.D., with the drying up of the Kuruk-daria.

In recent months we have heard much of the Chinese "back door" through which Chiang Kai-shek's army must receive supplies. Hedin's works will interest all those who want to know what lies back of the back door.

It is regrettable that the photographic material should have been so poorly reproduced in the present work and that the author's drawings do not convey more feeling than the average line illustrations of the late 1880's.

H. GREGORY THOMAS

THE WAYS OF THINGS, by WILLIAM PEPPERALL MONTAGUE (Prentice-Hall; $4.00).

In this book Professor Montague brings together the results of a lifetime of high speculation in the modest form of a college text. Part I is an introduction to philosophy touching on elementary logic, epistemology, metaphysics, and value theory. Part II consists of a reprinting, in systematic arrangement, of articles published mostly within the last ten or twelve years.

No subject has been too abstruse for Professor Montague, or, rather, one might say, the more

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abstruse the subject, the more it has fascinated him. The papers range from a proof of a new Cantorian transfinite number, the logarithm of Aleph Null, to discussions of the logic of antinomies; new and critical realism; truth subsistential and existential; the Einstein theory and a possible alternative. It reviews the quantum theory, a materialistic theory of emergent evolution, consciousness as a form of energy, an interpretation of the Trinity, a consideration of the geometry of the good life, and a democratic alternative to communism. Best of all Professor Montague has not failed to include his charming autobiographical sketch, "Confessions of an Animistic Materialist." Each of the above topics he has treated with amazing lucidity and ingenuity, always finding something interesting and often very amusing to say. We are presented with a full-length portrait of a philosopher fascinated on the one hand by the problems of mathematics and physics and on the other by the problems of life and mind, perpetually trying to bring the two together into a single clear-cut view of things.

Montague's attitude is on almost every point the reverse of positivistic. For him all roads lead to metaphysics; and one may say, with equal justice, that his thought is characterized by a sustained interpretation of scientific concepts in metaphysical terms or by a consistent reduction of metaphysical conceptions to the language of physics. Materialism he finds to be definitely inadequate and incapable of explaining either the facts of phylogeny or ontogeny or those of daily life in which each of us feels himself to be "the captain of his body." "Some agency other than the attractions, repulsions and impacts of atomic particles *must* be present." An out-and-out dualism, recognizing some spiritual force or entity is tantamount to the introduction of "an unfruitful concept incommensurate and discontinuous with other concepts." Professor Montague confesses himself "ashamed" of the dualism he is forced to accept and seeks an underlying unity. This he finds in the concept of energy; he delights in tracing the analogy (which he thinks amounts to an identity) between energy in its potential phase and mind or consciousness. What seems potential energy, viewed from the external vantage point of physics, reveals itself as the actuality of conscious experience when viewed from within.

The total view of things which Montague presents is rather Bergsonian in hue. "There is more than a mere analogy between what is highest in our inner selves and deepest in reality." Thus it comes about that in the end Montague is led to a cosmological spiritualism which, nevertheless, can be expressed in physical categories.

To appraise the quality of the thought of such a book is easier than to decide with regard to the truth of its fundamental assertions. That quality is on the whole excellent, although the author advances some dubious views in ethics and is in other matters occasionally superficial. He never fails, however, to be clear and stimulating and he seems always to present what he is discussing in the most attractive and readily comprehensible way. In some ways the style of thought puts one in mind of Leibniz, who also combined science and philosophy and knew how to reconcile, ingeniously, the clashing sects. In points of doctrine there are also various analogies as well as contrasts.

WILLIAM CURTIS SWABEY

LOOK AT THE LAW, by PERCIVAL E. JACKSON (Dutton; $3.00).

This is a book, written by a lawyer, setting forth the defects which the layman finds in our legal system. The author deals with the legislatures which make the multitude of laws, the judges who interpret them in thousands of pages of reported decisions, and the lawyers who attempt to persuade the judges and "befuddle the juries" in favor of their clients.

After discussing each defect, Mr. Jackson suggests a remedy. In general, he proposes to improve the laws passed by the legislatures by improving the quality of the legislators and, if necessary, requiring them to pass tests similar to civil-service examinations. In order to diminish the number of judicial decisions, he would have an "opinion bureau" to decide, first, whether or not a written decision is required for a particular case and, if so, to draft the opinion. As for the lawyers — he believes they can be most effectively controlled by their own clients.

The reason for a great many technicalities of the law is explained by Mr. Jackson when he writes: "Unfortunately and inevitably, in attempting to govern ourselves by rule, we find ourselves ruled by technicalities, and words are the stuff of which they are made. Democratic government rests upon word-promises of the rule of law; we buttress and amplify them by statutes and judicial pronouncements that consist of words. These rules, so fabricated, we challenge with words. So, in the law, as in many of its kindred branches that govern communal living, struggle is epitomized by technical questions concerning the meaning, the arrangement, in short, the use of words. This is inescapable."

As a warning to lawyers and judges who fail to heed the need for reform, he points out that both the layman and the government are taking matters into their own hands and are disposing of many judicial questions before nonjudicial administrative bodies instead of before the courts. He fails to point out, however, that even here the lawyer's monopoly of the law will continue as long as the layman has need for the skill which the lawyer has acquired in the use of words.

Mr. Jackson admits that his book does not add anything new to what has already been written on

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this subject. His purpose is rather to arouse the layman from whom any real reform movement must come. For this reason his conclusions are well seasoned with "horrible examples" of the technicalities of the law which only a layman can fully appreciate. His style tends to repetition and exaggeration, but there are some excellent passages which support his forensic reputation at the bar.

HENRY L. DE GIVE

THE STRANGE LIVES OF ONE MAN, *an Autobiography* by ELY CULBERTSON (Winston; $3.00).

The remarkable Russian-American whose name stands for "contract bridge" around the world has written a very thorough and rather fascinating story of his forty-nine years of life. It is longer than his various books about bridge, and the game which he helped make so ubiquitous scarcely appears until late in his narrative. The non-bridge player thus need not shun it on sight. It is a record of some minor historical interest, involving a good deal of obscure philosophical fumbling, recounting an amazing business success, and encompassing a vast amount of personal drama — little of it dull, much of it engrossing, some of it merely weird.

If the game by which he became famous is not the most important thing in Illya Culbertson's autobiography, the same qualities which animate his brilliant and definitive writings on that subject are still in evidence — his passion for organization; his eagerness to seize the larger aspects of his subject and pound them, in a few sentences, into submission; his sweeping use of metaphor and simile to make involved explanations graphic. To be sure, he overdoes it.

Mr. Culbertson delights to dramatize himself. The reader may explain, if not forgive, his frequent overdramatizations as being only natural in one whose mother was a Russian. In the Russian "tradition" is the earnest and holy searching of the soul in public, the firm determination to leave no sin unsaid, no self-recrimination unuttered. The author has not, however, turned his autobiography into a pulp magazine. While he has spared himself no embarrassment at past follies in his somewhat lush career as a cosmopolitan gambler, connoisseur of females, and late talker in fancy saloons, for the most part he has passed up the more lurid vistas suggested by such activities.

The early life, in the Russian Caucasus, of the offspring of an American engineer and the daughter of a Cossack landowner might well contain enough meat for a pretty fair book. Thus, when Mr. Culbertson has finished with this and with his subsequent years as student, traveler, and would-be revolutionary — when he has reached the point of his marriage to Mrs. Josephine Dillon and his business triumph in the field of contract bridge — the reader naturally supposes that Mr. Culbertson's life has touched the top of the curve. Whether very deeply affected by his divorce or bored to death by his various bridge enterprises, Mr. Culbertson nevertheless says good-by on page 693 with the air of a man who has mysterious worlds to conquer. Of course, he has proved himself a magnificent showman. While it might be rude to suggest that he sometimes writes with tongue in cheek, perhaps that is just another way of saying that he is a *born* showman.

J. H. T.

EMPIRE ON THE SEVEN SEAS, by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS (Scribner; $3.50).

There appeared, in 1938, a book by Mr. Adams called *Building the British Empire.* Its designated successor is his new *Empire on the Seven Seas.* It is a masterful presentation for the British cause, by the man who is said to have taught Americans to read history. And Mr. Adams overlooks little or nothing in his imperial saga, which runs from the close of the Yankee revolution to the opening, in 1939, of the second German war.

We saw the first British Empire fade away after the smoke volleys of Saratoga and Yorktown and the defeat of England by a coalition of France, Spain, Holland, the thirteen colonies, and an unfriendly neutral bloc. But, just before the loss of the east-Appalachian coastal strip which called itself the United States, there had come territorial acquisitions in Canada and Hindustan. There remained, too, the rich sugar islands of the West Indies, with their horribly sweated slave labor. On such foundations, the second British Empire raised its head.

Then came the French Revolution and Führer Bonaparte; and the second Empire held its own, by gold and grab and "dogged" determination, adding Dutch and Spanish colonial bits like Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope, Trinidad and Malta. Meanwhile, the industrial revolution boomed in England and turned that right little island into an ever ramifying workshop, with the world as its market. There followed the squat Queen Victoria, whose reign leads to the highest English attainment since Pirate Elizabeth and her daring, bold-bad crew.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century, most of England, Tory, Whig, and radical alike, was sick of colonies. These "Little Englanders" called the overseas possessions (India excepted) "millstones," "deadweights," and other harsh names. Free trade, said the anti-imperialists, made colonies useless, and they objected to the millions of English pounds and thousands of English soldiers "squandered" on "ungrateful" colonial defense.

Then came the great imperial turnabout: Canada gained dominion status by the British North America act of 1867. In 1871 the British garrisons were finally withdrawn, to the delight of the English tax-

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payers back home. The financial burden of defense fell then on the shoulders of the Canadians and on the natives in other colonies. This made the second Empire more popular in thrifty Westminster. "Oriental" Disraeli deftly reversed himself and became an imperialist. He crowned Victoria as gaudy Empress of India in 1876. During the final quarter of the nineteenth century, imperialism became the rage in all Europe. Interimperial rivalry led straight into 1914, and the 1914 aftermath into 1939.

Mr. Adams considers the second Empire the world's warden of freedom. His style is persuasive; his scope encyclopedic. He dislikes Hitler and Stalin. But there is a sentimental, eulogistic undertone throughout. Napoleon is underrated as a democrat and civilizer. The vitally important Little Englanders are undertreated. The rather disgraceful Boer War is whitewashed. The German people are called things not far short of "Huns." One feels that Mr. Adams believes the English-speakers are a chosen race, with a globular mission. In short, Mr. Adams is an Anglophile and proud of it. He reminds us that our country was part of the first empire for a *longer* time than it has since been independent. He thinks that, somehow, the current war will benefit his dear old England. This really excellent book, in short, is handicapped, here and there, by an unfortunately streamlined, 1940 "Kiplingery."

ROGER SHAW

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS NEW ENGLAND, by JONATHAN DANIELS (Macmillan; $3.00).

Whether Yankee ingenuity and thrift can stir up enough breeze to rescue New England from the doldrums is a question engaging the interest of many of our countrymen these days, and an increasing number of essays and books is being devoted to the subject. The latest and most balanced report comes now from Mr. Jonathan Daniels, a camera-eyed Southerner, who recently revisited the land of his ancestors and recorded his findings. In certain respects *A Southerner Discovers New England* is a companion volume to the author's earlier study of the South.

Mr. Daniels evidently arranged his tour with considerable thought, and the result is a sprightly and provocative story of industrial, agricultural, and maritime New England, interspersed with descriptive flashes and amusing anecdotes. The people themselves do most of the testifying. Whether it is Governor Saltonstall, of Salem aristocracy; the ex-whaler in Nantucket; the Manchester mill hand; the Boston banker — they all speak willingly and well for the benefit of their Southern visitor. A few take a defeatist view; others are bewildered by changing times; but the majority regard the future with a determined optimism. A Harvard student of journalism said, "Bostonians are living on money their ancestors made and contributing nothing," while youthful Mayor Tobin of Boston cautioned, "Don't ever think New England is licked. It's not."

There are brilliant chapters on the "Quoddy" project; the dilemma of Manchester, New Hampshire; Rhode Island hopefulness; and the paper industry in northern New England. In the course of his travels Mr. Daniels came on a number of talkative people and subsequently concluded that the laconic Yankee is a myth. This is heresy, of course, and Mr. Daniels is here assured that most New Englanders in small towns and country areas remain decidedly taciturn, in the Coolidge manner.

The book is a skillful job of first-rate reporting, written in an engaging, impressionist style, compact and clear. The frequent analyses are often penetrating. New England readers, in particular, should discover a good deal that is stimulating and valuable — about themselves.

OLIVER JENKINS

A MARY WEBB ANTHOLOGY, selected & edited by H. L. WEBB (Dutton; $3.00).

Heretofore unpublished verse and excerpts, samples of her best descriptive and poetic prose from known works, have been gathered by Mary Webb's husband before his death. Mary Webb, "with a burden of beauty lisping about her head, gently blundered into immortality." The edition is a charming one, appropriately illustrated, with colored plates and black-and-white drawings by Norman Hepple and Rowland Hilder.

E. V. A.

The Reviewers

P. W. WILSON, *a former British newspaper editor and member of the English Parliament, is a special writer for the* New York Times.

JOHN J. SLOCUM *is a former staff member of and contributor to the* North American Review.

DONALD B. TANSILL, *Vice President and General Sales Manager of the Pepperell Manufacturing Co., is the author of* So You're Going to Sell.

H. GREGORY THOMAS *is a lawyer specializing in international legal problems and relations.*

WILLIAM CURTIS SWABEY *is a teacher of philosophy at New York University and a contributor to philosophical periodicals.*

HENRY L. DE GIVE, *a graduate of Harvard Law School, is connected with a New York firm specializing in corporation law.*

ROGER SHAW *is a former editor, a radio commentator and lecturer on foreign affairs.*

OLIVER JENKINS *is a writer of verse, the author of* Captain's Walk, *and is associated with the magazine* Yankee, *as Poetry Editor.*

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The Theatre—

Death in the Evening

by **LETA CLEWS CROMWELL**

THE QUESTION of the extent to which our artistic standards depend on the brevity of our existence makes for fascinating speculation. With the scientists working away to stretch our life span, we may have to alter our conception of tragedy. Shattered careers and broken hearts would lose a great deal of their poignancy if we had a longer time in which to mend them. Death itself might seem less sensational and not, as now, something approaching bedrock in drama. It is hard to convey the sense of rising excitement with which one views *Medicine Show*, concerned as it is with untimely death.

Did you know, asks the statistician, appearing before the curtain in the new Living Newspaper play by Oscar Saul and H. R. Hays, that there are 250,000 preventable deaths a year in the United States? And he invites us to follow him into the bleak hall of inquiry, where the tall gray portals close behind us, shutting us in with the facts. Everywhere there is illness — in the North, in the South, in the city, even "where the sun shines and the trees are green." The country doctor examines Johnny's throat; it looks like diphtheria, but there isn't a hospital within fifty miles. One third of America, the statistician explains, is without a hospital within fifty miles. Mr. Hall has heart trouble, but he can't get into a hospital. Mac starts to explain his symptoms, but it is already the next man's turn at the clinic. There are needed 312,000 more clinic hours than are given, says the statistician. Yet Dr. Young's mother begs him to skip his afternoon at the hospital and devote himself to his private patients. Otherwise, how is he going to live? The statistician finally summons a desperate little band of suffering folk who are doomed, unless . . . unless. . . . Meanwhile the giant clock above the door ticks loudly, that clock which is also the beat of the human heart.

Except for the false note of the Alice-in-Wonderland episode, there is an emotional drive behind the show that leaves one close to cheering at the finish, though unconverted to the cause of socialized medicine. That solution is not convincing. The villainy of the American Medical Association would appear to be exaggerated, while one shudders to think of the new opportunities for graft with medicine in the hands of the politicians. As for the authors' plan of adding $850,000,000 to our national budget — the taxpayer might lose even his barrel and die of exposure. At the same time, adequate care for the indigent sick is no imaginary problem. Nor is the case of young doctors who are eager to serve in clinics but who must at the same time make a living for themselves.

The authors express the situation in looking-glass logic: The poor are twice as sick as the rich and get half as much care. Those who can't afford a cold will have to get pneumonia. It's a subject worth pondering.

The development of the Living Newspaper technique was the great contribution of the late Federal Theatre. Without inviting too many protests, one could say that it was truly modern. It was the technique employed by Orson Welles in his version of *Julius Caesar*. Lighting plays the lead in this kind of production, with a relentless spot illuminating first one group of actors, then another, on a dark and bare stage. Samuel Leve did the lighting for *Medicine Show;* he is also responsible for the design, almost Egyptian in its simplicity, that suggests a hall. Without a conventional set, and with almost no props, one's imagination is free to soar. Jules Dassin has staged the scenes with great effect on different levels, even to evoking figures that speak from the walls. And he achieves real beauty in his marshaling of the condemned.

Requiring intensity and sincerity from its actors, *Medicine Show* has both of these. Of course it is not a field day for actors but it is one of those rare shows that really *uses* the stage.

To her students at Columbia clamoring for the definition of a play, Professor Minor Latham suggests that a play is a trap and that characters are either falling into an inevitable situation or struggling to get out of one. If so, *Medicine Show* is indeed a play. In any case, it has provided this column with the supreme satisfaction of rocking with approval. And the approbation goes, too, for the $1.65 top for seats. An audience that represents the public, not only Broadway, is enabled to enter the theatre and to get its money's worth.

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II

With some — presumably the poetically minded — the preoccupation with death has been known to give rise to fantasy, usually with an optoptimistic conclusion about the grim reaper being a really good sort after all, doing quite a favor to mankind. In recent years death has appeared personified in three plays: in *Death Takes a Holiday*, as Prince Sirki; as the reasonable Mr. Brink, in *On Borrowed Time;* and now as a hobo in Albert Bein's new play, *Heavenly Express*. The last incarnation is unfortunate.

Mr. Bein is something of an authority on hoboes, having been one himself; one could wish that he'd given us a strong, realistic story about them, instead of busying himself with their legend of the hobo heaven. A rider of the rails, it seems, likes to think about the greatest express of all, the Heavenly Express, with a diamond headlight and platinum wheels, which will come to pick him up when he dies and whisk him off to the land in the Rock Candy Mountains where apple pies grow on bushes and the fountains are lemonade. The messenger of death — the advance ticket taker — is that greatest 'bo of all time — the Overland Kid, who was killed in action, so to speak, when he tumbled off the icy roof of a train into a ravine.

Some legends dramatize; others don't. It's one thing to sit around a fire and tell stories and another to believe them in the confines of a theatre. It's one of the fascinating, everlasting paradoxes of the stage that seeing is not believing. To an already tall tale, Mr. Bein has added the embroidery of his own fertile imagination. The Heavenly Express, he tells us, has just arrived from the bottom of the Grand Canyon, to which it was lowered on a cloud. It is now off for the middle of the Pacific and maybe the moon, bearing the Overland Kid, and his banjo given him by the Orpheus Kid. In Mr. Bein's heaven, cream puffs as well as apple pies grow on the bushes, and things can't get dull with such entertaining 'bos as Homer, Orpheus, the Wandering Jew, and Buddha around. Jesus is there, too, while God, of course, is the Almighty Vagabond. If He weren't so restless, the author explains, the world would just stop going.

Mr. Bein's humor is almost as feeble as his philosophy, and the writing has no gusto, lyricism, or distinction of any kind. His hoboes do have a convincing pride in their profession but convey only dimly their feeling for singing rails, for speed in the night, for the free life.

One is at a loss to comprehend Robert Lewis' direction. He has made the hoboes fantastic, and the fantasy he has made seem literal. John Garfield emerges a clumsy Peter Pan, and the vigor he might have contributed to the part of the Overland Kid becomes meaningless whimsy. The Heavenly Express, whistle and all, Robert Lewis all but brings in through the window. *Mysterious* ghost trains sliding silently into stations have been known to scare audiences purple. Perhaps a train answering to Mr. Bein's absurd description might never sound spooky, but Mr. Lewis has ignored the possibility of frightening his audience. Mr. Bein, in spite of the freshness of his material, makes it hard for them to be amused.

III

Watching Miss Gladys George in her new vehicle can be set down as an experience; it leaves one breathless, wondering which will break down first — she or the play. For if ever an actress traveled furiously in a shaky contraption, it is Miss George. *Lady in Waiting* is the name of Margery Sharp's careless comedy based on her very successful novel, *The Nutmeg Tree*.

Presumably aware that it was not ideally suited to the stage — the book has very little plot and many observations — Miss Sharp has tossed in some stock characters, a few banal situations, some coincidences, and she has removed the psychology. Not a single motive remains. It is also noteworthy that the play was declared free of taint by the sharp-eyed lookouts of the Parents' League. Yet *The Nutmeg Tree* concerned a woman of whom it was said that "loving some man or other was her natural function." Very tender of heart, she was a bit of "cheerful flesh."

With Julia's sins, most of Julia is washed away. But the customers at the Martin Beck Theatre seem well satisfied. Little Miss George has never been more vivacious. Keyed to what surely must be top pitch, she dances about the stage, rushes at one object, dives at another; and, when she gets an idea, one can almost hear the china crack.

Author's Note: — *Lady in Waiting* is doing a rushing business. As we go to press we have an announcement of the forthcoming demise of *Medicine Show*. This reviewer, bewildered at the way of things, offers sympathy and deep regret.

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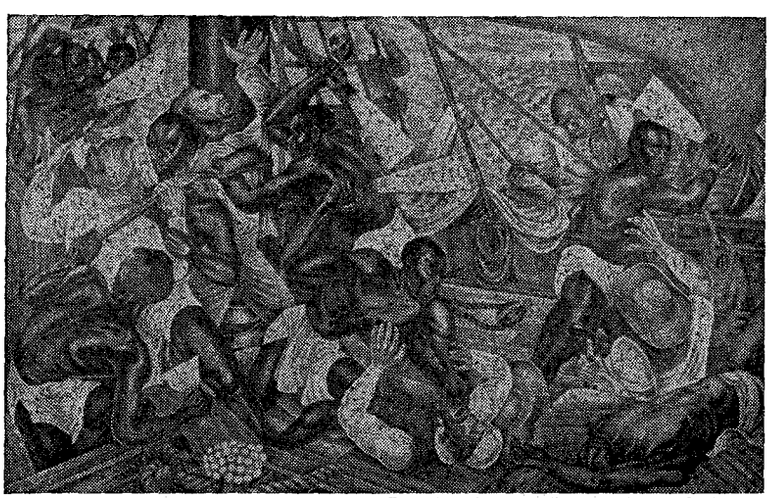
The Artist's Point of View—

Hale Woodruff:
Creative Artist of the South

by **RALPH M. PEARSON**

In the year 1931 I happened on a painting in an exhibition at the Harmon Foundation in New York City. This painting arrested my attention as an extraordinarily rich color-space-form harmony in a semiabstract treatment. Its subject was "Card Players." The artist, of whom I had never heard, was Hale Woodruff.

So thoroughly did I enjoy this painting that I obtained a photograph of it and, a year later, in my book, *Experiencing Pictures*, contrasted it with a painting by John Marin, arguing that this unknown artist had carried emotional color-space organization further into the added dimension of tangible form and recognizable subject (without losing his authentic, felt design) than had the very well-known Marin.



From the Talladega College Murals by Hale Woodruff

Mutiny on the Amistad

In the intervening years I have met Mr. Woodruff several times — twice in his own setting at Atlanta, Georgia. These meetings compelled the same respect for the man that I already had for his work. Also they kept me informed about his development both as an artist and as a teacher at Atlanta University. Here, as head of the Art Department, he is inspiring strong work from students and winning a new understanding of and respect for Negro art among both Negroes and whites. The facts that his paintings are widely bought, that he receives mural commissions, and that he is head of a university art department — that he lives by his art in the South — are part of the reason for the respect. The other part is the work itself.

In nine years Woodruff's style has changed to a greatly heightened realism which actually goes hard in its equal and over-all clarity of form delineation — a swing of the pendulum too far from emotional abstraction, as I see it. The swing is explained, however, if not necessarily justified, by the deep sincerity of the man and his keen awareness of the human and racial drama he paints. Design still merges with subject and with the form which he so forcefully reveals by stripping away all unessentials and then marshalling his colors, spaces, and dark-lights to do his plastic bidding. At first sight that design may seem superficially decorative — witness the decorative play of wrinkles in clothing, the textures of wood and waves, the parallel curves of sugar cane. But deeper study reveals deeper design — in the related forms and movements of all bodies, the play of white shapes against dark ones, the dramatic design touch of the grouped circular cane ends (at lower left in the illustration), in the interweaving contrasts of the many textures.

The event portrayed is the mutiny on the schooner *Amistad*, in 1839, by a group of African Negroes who had been captured to be sold into slavery. The story of their own liberation through mutiny; their betrayal and capture at New Haven, Connecticut; their trial and the wide support they won from Northern whites, the liberals of that day; their final acquittal and repatriation in Africa through the efforts of the group which defended them; the growth of this group into the American Missionary Association, which, since the Civil War, has founded many schools for Negroes in the South (including Talladega College, at Talladega, Alabama, where these murals are installed) — all these events make historical drama which Woodruff has illuminated into a saga of the Negro race.

The fact that this important creative artist has developed and found support in his home community is a credit to both him and the South.

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Our Rostrum*

Concerning the War

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

I agree with almost everything that Lewis Galantière said ["Irresponsible Germany," May Forum]. . . . I would advocate today: "No peace with Hitler." Not that I believe in meddling with the home affairs of any foreign nation. . . . But any government has two aspects: it rules its own people, and it deals with other peoples. The rest of the world will, in rare cases, be justified in outlawing a member that has proved aggressive and dishonest. No one dreams of a crusade to liberate the Germans from Hitlerism; but let them keep it for home consumption. Europe, if it is to breathe freely, must liberate Czechoslovakia, Poland, and now Denmark and Norway, from Hitlerism. . . .

I say Hitlerism, not Germanism. Hitler is committed beyond recall, Germany is not. No people can be committed like an individual, for the "national mind" is a myth. . . . No doubt Germany is "responsible" for endorsing and supporting Hitler. But my hypothesis is that the endorsement and support are precarious. Only fifteen years ago, after Versailles, even after the Ruhr, Hitler was a laughing stock in Germany. What brought him to power was the depression. . . . His iron rule is sufficient proof that not all Germans are with him heart and soul.

If I were a German in Germany . . . I might be tempted to stick by the Führer in the present emergency. Reason is silenced in war time. If the alternative to Hitler is humiliation, dismemberment, subjection, civil war, and perhaps at best, a Communist revolution — it is natural that many liberal Germans should shrink. That is why I believe that the Allies should offer the Germans a way out: definite promises that they will be treated, severely perhaps, but justly; and that they will secure that *Gleichberechtigung* which they have always denied the Czechs and Poles. . . .

. . . America's relapse into selfish isolationism demoralized the world, and made the reconstruction of Europe more difficult. . . .

The Germans may be politically immature: so are most of us. A nation that can not shake off Chamberlain, Hoare, Simon, after their long record of incompetence, short-sightedness and treachery (i.e. "realism"), is not fully mature. So long as there are in France Academicians and prominent conservative statesmen to praise Mussolini, Franco, and — as late as Munich — Hitler himself, to worship Louis XIV and Napoleon, to be ready to sell Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia, China, on the plea of *sacro egoismo* (no better if translated: *France d'abord!*), I can not consider French democracy as politically of age. Mature indeed! My neighbor Terman found out that the average mental age of Americans is thirteen: I believe that European statesmen are well below that mark.

. . . If you once toy with the idea: "All Boches are alike; once a Boche, always a Boche," you will be led to the next step: "There is no good Boche but a dead Boche."

I can not state here what alternative I would suggest. . . . But I might attempt to sum it up roughly as follows:

1: Recognize that there are anti-Hitler forces in the German soul;
2: be ready to admit the many points upon which Germany, even Hitler's Germany, is ahead of the Plutodemocracies;
3: conversely: confess that many of the accusations that Hitler is hurling at the plutodemocracies are not without justification (take definite steps to liquidate the Empires, renounce every thought of hegemony, do not again forget the Common Man);
4: have clearly in our mind, not a return to 1937 or to 1918, but the plans for a world acceptable to all reasonable Germans (bzw. Hindus, Poles, Jews, Negroes, Arabs, usw.).

So far, no constructive suggestion has come from the Allied side — or from our side either. For, if we propose plans for peace, they will again be a derision, like disarmament and the Kellogg Pact, unless we are ready to support them to the full. The one way out is not a German victory, or an Allied victory, or a Soviet victory, but a World Commonwealth. And a World Commonwealth is inconceivable without our support, or indeed without our leadership. The key is not in London, Berlin, Paris, or Moscow, but in Washington.

Albert Guérard

Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford University, Calif.

To the Editor:

. . . I do not think that his division of peoples into good and bad, into black sheep and white sheep, is a tribute to his intelligence. I resent his attitude; I reject his logic, but I agree with him that

*These columns are open to brief letters commenting on any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

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the German people and the German government are one. No propaganda, however subtle, will succeed in driving a wedge between the German people and their leader.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Mr. Galantière shows quite properly that the Pan-Germanism of Hitler is but a continuation, in even more vicious, unscrupulous and dangerous form of the Pan-Germanism of Wilhelm II and is as much a part of the German ethos as the love of liberty is presumably a part of the American ethos.

It . . . should help dissipate the sentimental fog in which so many are groping.

. . . . . .

LOUIS A. FREEDMAN

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Richard B. Scandrett's realistic and courageous article "Self-Government and Isolation" in the April FORUM is most refreshing and encouraging coming at a time when many well-meaning but myopic individuals are trying to make us believe that all the belligerents are tarred by the same brush and that it is of no concern to this country which side wins.

. . . . . .

When, to paraphrase Mr. Scandrett, the American people do face the possibility of a victory by Germany and Russia and, may I add, its inevitable menace to the peace and prosperity of our country, "hope" will undoubtedly be transformed into *help*.

JAMES U. NORRIS, *Superintendent*
Woman's Hospital
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

As a naturalized citizen of Swedish birth I should like to register an emphatic protest against your technically correct but to many misleading headline ["A Letter from Sweden"] for Dr. [Sven] Hedin's letter in the April FORUM.

. . . Dr. Hedin is politically a Nazi. . . . This means . . . that his views are diametrically opposed to those of at least ninety per cent of his countrymen. . . . Many Swedish papers and a far greater number of private individuals in Sweden openly desire direct American aid for the allies; the rest, save for the Nazis and the Communists, all seem to desire that we should do everything, short of ourselves entering this war, to insure the quickest possible victory for the western powers.

In view of these facts . . . your headline — for obvious reasons — comes uncomfortably close to being a direct and malicious insult to the individualistic, fair-minded, and liberty-loving Swedish people.

. . . . . .

SVEN NILSON

Hartford, Conn.

Like every FORUM *article, Dr. Hedin's was an expression of the writer's personal opinion. Not only are Dr. Hedin's Nazi sympathies well known — in the April* FORUM, *in the "Toasts" department, they were re-emphasized, as follows: "Sven Hedin, Swedish explorer of world-wide fame, is reputedly a close friend of Adolf Hitler, and, shortly before this issue went to press, was rumored to have paid a secret visit to the German Chancellor." It is unquestionable that most Swedes are anti-Nazi enough to be willing to let Americans fight Hitler.*

To the Editor:

This is to inform you that the article carried in your December, 1939, issue by A. Fleming MacLiesh entitled "Youth Examines the War Whoop" was in my opinion the best current scrutiny of the possibility of war. . . .

BOB NEWMAN

Kirksville, Mo.

'P.R.' IN BOSTON

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

The article ["Poor Old Boston," by Robert R. Mullen, May FORUM] seems to label the "P.R." campaign of 1939 in Boston as a "racial" movement, but one of benevolent character.

. . . . . .

You will note from the names of the members of the committee listed upon this stationery that the committee included individuals of many religious beliefs and racial antecedents. It likewise was composed of individuals of varying political and economic groups. . . .

I am convinced that all the individuals, organized and unorganized, engaged in this campaign had no thought of racial solidarity or advantage. . . .

. . . . . .

THOMAS H. MAHONY, *Chairman*
Citizens' Committee for Proportional Representation in Boston
Boston, Mass.

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The Plight of Puerto Rico

To the Editor:

The article entitled "Storm Warning in Puerto Rico" by Stirling Thompson, which appeared in your May issue, contains certain grave inaccuracies. . . .

The writer states that the "small farmer as a class began to disappear," as the sugar industry expanded in Puerto Rico, inferring that the sugar companies have forced the jibaros off their farms. Official U. S. Census figures and reports of the U. S. Department of Agriculture clearly refute these charges.

. . . . . .

Undoubtedly some small farmers have sold or lost their farms to other individuals in Puerto Rico. . . . But the fact is that there are more individually owned farms, more small farms, and more individual sugarcane farms in Puerto Rico now than there were 40 years ago before the sugar industry started to expand. The truth is that, with few exceptions, these "landless" jibaros never had any farms to lose.

To a great extent expansion in sugar growing was effected by opening up huge new areas of coastal plains for sugar production and by providing irrigation which made possible the cultivation of large areas of what formerly was semi-arid land.

The author then goes on to charge that expansion in sugar production has been at the expense of food crops. . . . It is quite true that food crops for local consumption now constitute a smaller percentage of total crops than formerly. But what escaped Mr. Thompson was the fact that total crop production has increased. The production of foods for local use has not decreased at all, as the Censuses of Agriculture clearly show. . . .

. . . . . .

As for the writer's figures with respect to "absentee corporations," we should like to point out, first, that the four companies he refers to are not corporations, and, second, that those companies own only 12 per cent of the lands planted to sugar and control, through lease or otherwise, only 10 per cent of the sugar lands. These latter figures can be verified in the official records of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It is true that the ten (not eleven) mills referred to grind nearly half the island's sugarcane. But much of that cane belongs to colonos or small growers, who receive 65 per cent of the sugar recovered from their cane. That is a larger share than is given to colonos in any sugar growing area in the entire world. Any grower or group of growers is free to establish a mill anywhere in the island. The Federal government has shown a willingness to lend the necessary funds to acquire mills for growers.

. . . . . .

James A. Dickey, *Director*
Association of Sugar Growers of Puerto Rico
Washington, D. C.

Movie Propaganda

To the Editor:

I have read with much interest Mr. Walter Selden's article "Movies and Propaganda" [April Forum]. The piece seems directed chiefly at the danger of making the screen a medium of political propaganda. His point is well taken, but questions of social importance, such as that developed in Grapes of Wrath, may be discussed in motion pictures to great advantage. Pictures such as Zola, The Life of Louis Pasteur and Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet are good money getters but could hardly be called "escapist" films.

I quite agree with Mr. Selden that the whole safety of the situation lies in the fact that pictures, to be successful, must reflect the point of view of such a large section of the public as to make highly controversial subjects a bad bet at the box office.

I believe it is fortunate for the industry that pictures must stay within the ideals and understanding of the majority. The intelligentsia do not *need* motion pictures to help them think, — the majority does. And God help the company which devotes itself to making pictures for the cultured few. The screen is the theatre of democracy and I agree with Mr. Selden that it should remain so. But, whether it should or not, it will jolly well have to if it expects to exist.

. . . . . .

William C. de Mille
Playa Del Rey, Calif.

The Forum Lecture Bureau

To the Editor:

For many years, The Forum has brought to the people in my community enlightened discussion of current problems and it was with great enthusiasm and appreciation for your efforts that I noted your magazine was now extending its efforts to the lecture platform.

With the high ideals of The Forum Magazine behind it, I am confident the Forum Lecture Bureau will fill a great need today.

Robert Kearney
Stillwater, Minn.

Erratum

The Forum's *apologies to Mr. C. S. Marsh, author of "The Future of the CCC," in the May issue, for not following his copy. Educational advisers of CCC camps are not, of course, college students but are college graduates.*

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The Forum Quiz

This quiz is planned to be a painless and amusing method of checking up on yourself, to find out how well-informed you are. It covers various fields of interest and should not be difficult for the average person. Counting four points for each question answered correctly, a retired high-school principal scored sixty-eight on this quiz; a housewife, seventy-two; a young lawyer, sixty-eight. (Answers on page 352.)

1. The Nieman Foundation was established at Harvard University three years ago, to:
(*a*) *enable newspapermen to take advanced work*
(*b*) *build Negro hospitals in the South*
(*c*) *pension retired teachers*

2. As Mayor of Milwaukee he headed a model administration for twenty-four years, only to be defeated recently by a candidate who won the voters with blond hair, a broad smile, and baritone renditions of "I Love You Truly" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." The outgoing Mayor's name is:
(*a*) *Wilbert ("Pass the Biscuits, Pappy") O'Daniel*
(*b*) *Daniel Webster Hoan* (*c*) *Dan B. Butler*

3. If the U. S. became involved in a war with another sea power, we should have most reason to worry over our supplies of:
(*a*) *Scotch* (*b*) *copper* (*c*) *oil* (*d*) *manganese*

4. Last month the Quiz Editor relied on "expert" predictions that land warfare would probably begin first in the Balkans. He now retires in confusion as a war prognosticator and is quite content to inquire: What is the meaning of the German phrase *Drang nach Osten?*
(*a*) *the march to the west* (*b*) *blood and iron*
(*c*) *the thrust to the east* (*d*) *deeds, not words*

5. The machine used to "smash" the atom is known as the:
(*a*) *metronome* (*b*) *sonotone* (*c*) *cyclotron*

6. A polar bear, bored by the North Pole, decided he would take a walk to the South Pole. A polar bear at the South Pole, equally bored, simultaneously started to stroll toward the North Pole. At the Equator they met. "Oogla," said the bear from the North Pole. "Oogla, *you-all*," returned the bear from the South Pole. Of what error was the latter guilty?
(*a*) *a colloquialism* (*b*) *a malapropism* (*c*) *ambiguity*

7. Which one of these men heads the Turkish Government?
(*a*) *Inonu* (*b*) *Ataturk* (*c*) *Yonai* (*d*) *Ibn Saud*

8. And who is the new Governor General of Canada?
(*a*) *W. L. Mackenzie* (*b*) *"Rochester"*
(*c*) *the Earl of Athlone* (*d*) *Lord Lothian*

9. Name the work (since made into a film — and a good one) from which the following is taken:

Lennie's big fingers fell to stroking her hair. "Don't you muss it up," she said. Lennie said, "Oh! That's nice," and he stroked harder. "Oh, that's nice." "Look out, now, you'll muss it." And then she cried angrily, "You stop it now, you'll muss it all up." She jerked her head sideways, and Lennie's fingers closed on her hair and hung on. "Let go," she cried. "You let go!"
(*a*) *The Grapes of Wrath* (*b*) *Of Mice and Men*
(*c*) *The Primrose Path* (*d*) *Native Son*

10. A man whom Stalin couldn't (or, at any rate, didn't) purge, the chief of staff of the Soviet army, is:
(*a*) *Boris Shaposhnikov* (*b*) *M. N. Tukhachevsky*
(*c*) *Viacheslav Molotov* (*d*) *Klementi Voroshilov*

11. Perhaps you can help out our friend Mr. Burns by selecting the line, from his well-known poem, which follows this one: "Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes."
(*a*) *Past the sweet-scented willows nigh hidden with haze.*
(*b*) *By the sweet yellow daffodils with faces upraised.*
(*c*) *Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.*

12. The Quiz Editor is not discouraged over Hollywood's failure to purchase his scenario for two dollars. He has prepared a new one, in which a boy does *not* meet a girl, with much more action in it and a misspelled word, which he wants you to pick out of the following monologue:

Speak up, Tomkins, my gay phillanderer. Have you forsaken monogamy for bigamy? Is it the exuberance of springtime or the stirrings of true love? What will people say in the P. T. A.?

13. One and only one of these statements is true:
(*a*) *A bibliophile eschews books.*
(*b*) *Mr. Roosevelt hates to appear in public.*
(*c*) *An ichthyologist studies fish.*
(*d*) *F. D. R. has finally balanced the budget.*

14. The following light passages, in an overture of deepening gloom, appear in the present war's first memoirs. Please identify the author:

Hitler went one day to visit God. The Almighty said, "I am always glad to see you, Adolf, but I wish you would stop that fellow Goering from coming up here. Everytime he comes he takes away another star."

Another story was about a motorist who ran into the Field Marshal's car on a dark night and was brought before the judge. He pleaded that it was not his fault but that of the Field Marshal, who, he said, had forgotten to dim his decorations. He was acquitted.
(*a*) *Lord Halifax* (*b*) *Sir John Simon*
(*c*) *Winston Churchill* (*d*) *Sir Nevile Henderson*

15. This one's really too easy. Just name the baseball team most sports writers picked as most likely to win the American League pennant:
(*a*) *Cleveland Indians* (*b*) *Philadelphia Athletics*
(*c*) *New York Yankees* (*d*) *Detroit Tigers*

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16. According to English tradition, in order to be considered a Cockney one must:
(*a*) *have met one's wife in Leicester Square*
(*b*) *love gin and bitters*
(*c*) *be born within sound of Bow Bells*
(*d*) *have eaten eels at Caldedonian Market*

17. Hollywood's screwiest team of writers has recently turned to producing, their first effort being *Swiss Family Robinson*. Of one of them the following story is told:

During a golf game a producer told Mr. A the plot of a story he had just bought. "Awful!" was the verdict, "simply awful!" "But I just bought it from your partner this morning," protested the producer. "Damn this high wind!" screamed A desperately, "I hardly heard a word you said. Tell me that plot again — the bits I got sounded swell."

A and his partner are:
(*a*) *Capra and Riskin* (*b*) *Hart and Kaufman*
(*c*) *Towne and Baker*

18. Perhaps the most remarkable recent experimental development in medicine is:
(*a*) *a five-day treatment for syphilis*
(*b*) *a new antiseptic for war wounds*
(*c*) *a sleep-inducing drug with no bad effects*
(*d*) *a ten-minute cure for hangovers*

19. Since *Tobacco Road* passed *Abie's Irish Rose* in number of consecutive performances, we have all been able to hold our heads up again. However, for total number of performances, the crown among American plays goes to:
(*a*) *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (*b*) *Up in Mabel's Room*
(*c*) *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*
(*d*) *The Drunkard*

20. Those long-bearded fellows, the anthropologists, seem to believe that man, as a race, is:
(*a*) *approximately four thousand years old*
(*b*) *sixty thousand years old*
(*c*) *nobody knows how old*

21. Which one of these statements is true?
(*a*) *For women on diets there has been invented a chocolate candy with a fresh-lettuce center.*
(*b*) *Your life-insurance company can predict accurately the date of your death.*
(*c*) *Roy Harris is an up-and-coming U. S. composer.*
(*d*) *It is unlikely that Greenland (should an occasion for deciding arise) would be considered affected by the Monroe Doctrine.*

22. When the college crews line up for the big race at Poughkeepsie there will be how many men, including the coxswain, in each shell?
(*a*) *seven* (*b*) *eight* (*c*) *nine* (*d*) *ten*

23. And which one of these statements is false?
(*a*) *Ninety-five per cent of the world's telephones are in the United States.*
(*b*) *Scotch whisky should never be mixed with water.*
(*c*) *A fiord is a narrow inlet.*
(*d*) *Benjamin Franklin said: "The Lord helps those who help themselves."*
(*e*) *A new song title is: "Blitzkrieg Baby, You're My Itsy-Bitsy Bombshell of Love."*

24. "If I were under sixty," said Uncle Arthur, glancing up from the sports page, "I'd take a crack at that pole-vault record — even though it is":
(*a*) *3 feet, 6 inches* (*b*) *12 feet* (*c*) *15 feet*
(*d*) *17 feet*

25. Two Chinese youths, earnestly studying the English language, met one morning before class. Said one, brightly, "How are you, I hope?" Replied the other, "Thank you, no doubt." Of what error were both guilty?
(*a*) *nepotism* (*b*) *pedantry* (*c*) *malapropism*
(*d*) *The Quiz Editor doesn't know*

JACK BENNY, who is presumably better on his own radio program than on "Information, Please," scored seventy-two on this quiz.

COMPILED BY JO HUBBARD CHAMBERLIN

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America Is Not God

by **WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN**

When a man gives himself out as God, we generally put him in an asylum — unless he is a totalitarian dictator. There is no way of putting a whole nation in such an institution, although every nation would probably have been the better for it, at certain epochs of her history. Yet, for a nation to conceive of herself as endowed with the divine attributes of omnipotence and omniscience may be highly disastrous.

In ordinary times Americans have no more than the normal human instinct for collectively thinking well of themselves. But, when guns are roaring and bombs are exploding around the world, Homo Americanus is deluged with propaganda, external and internal, subtle and otherwise, all designed to show that it is up to him to assume the job — which only divine power and wisdom could reasonably undertake — of putting the world in proper order.

I encountered this line of argument more than once in the Far East.

I was in Hong Kong, one of Great Britain's most exposed outposts of empire, at the time when war in Europe seemed imminent as a result of the crisis over Czechoslovakia in the autumn of 1938.

The wife of a British officer beside whom I was seated at dinner turned to me and remarked: "If your country would only say the word, there would be no war. America is so powerful that it could enforce peace without firing a shot."

It was a little embarrassing and ungracious to dissent too strongly under the circumstances. I did, however, suggest that no country had yet proved strong enough to establish world peace by her own fiat, that the causes of war were numerous and complex, and that America's voice might not sound so loud in China or in Germany as in Guatemala and Honduras.

Certainly the theory that the aggressor can be stopped in his tracks by a minatory shake of the American finger has been blown sky-high by the events of the last four years. The present national administration has lost few opportunities to make it unequivocally plain that it disapproves of aggression and that it is not neutral in thought as between the aggressor and the aggressee. Japan in China, Italy in Abyssinia and Albania, Germany in Czechoslovakia and Poland took note of this fact — and went ahead. So potential power is not enough. Real military force will have to be exercised if America wishes to assume the formidable task of enforcing peace from China to Peru.

No one can estimate what would be the price, in lives and material resources, of making it possible for Great Britain and France to break through the German west wall or of wearing Japan down in a long-range naval war or of putting Italy out of Abyssinia. All that is certain is that wars usually last longer and cost more than is generally anticipated.

Another sound assumption is that geographically offensive aims, such as the imposition of America's will in Europe and in Asia, will take a vastly higher toll than the realization of the essentially defensive objective of safeguarding the American continent. To put it more specifically, we should lose far more ships and men trying to beat Japan in her home waters, amid the fogs of the Kuriles and the coral reefs of the South Pacific, than we could conceivably lose by holding the defensive line from Alaska to Honolulu that covers our western coast and preparing to sink any Japanese armada that might be ill-advised enough to try to cross the Pacific. Beating off an ocean-crossing invasion from Europe would be a much easier and less sanguinary task than throwing a new American expeditionary force against the deadly machine-gun fire and the infinite number of traps embodied in any modern system of fortifications.

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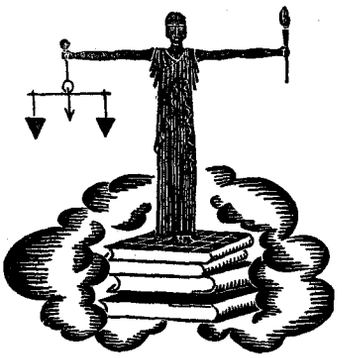
Specious Reasoning

Propagandists for American intervention make a good deal of play with two arguments. The first is that oceans, already bridged by aircraft, are no longer impassable barriers. The second is that America cannot stay out of a general war, because her material interests will be too strongly affected. Neither of these arguments, I think, will stand up to any very serious analysis.



Especially misleading is the suggestion that America is still slumbering in the false security from which England only recently awakened. German airplanes need fly only three hundred miles in order to be on the eastern coast of Great Britain. This distance has been cut by the occupation of Norway and could be reduced to a little over one hundred miles if the German armies should ever march into the Netherlands.

The distance to America is approximately three thousand miles, and the Atlantic Ocean is very poorly provided with stopover points. Indeed there is no existing bombing airplane with a cruising radius of six thousand miles, capable of flying to America, dropping its bombs, and returning to Europe, even if it should encounter no effective resistance from American defense forces. The cost of making America absolutely impregnable against attack from Europe, through the development of sea and air power and antiaircraft defense, would certainly be small compared with that of participation in a European war.

It is, of course, true that wars in Europe and in Asia have their effect on America's economy. Very much slighter causes can make the indices of prices and production move upward or downward. But it is equally true that the dislocation involved in staying out of war are of very minor consequence compared with those which would be involved in going in. And the first costs are merely in dollars and cents; the second must be measured also in human lives and in the tremendous threat to the democratic and individualist ideal which modern totalitarian war involves. The World War is forever damned not so much perhaps for the ten million men, more or less, whom it killed as for the hundreds of millions who are growing up under communism and Fascism, the two forms of brutalitarian state. Both of these were spawned by the World War, with its submergence of the individual in the mass and its utter contempt for human life.

Advocates of American intervention in the affairs of Europe and Asia fly from one extreme to the other in their appraisal of our national strength. Sometimes they represent America as strong enough to be able to stop war in any part of the world by a mere wishful gesture. Sometimes they paint a harrowing picture of America as weak, almost defenseless, doomed to be the next prey of the predatory aggressor if we do not leap with both feet into one or both of the wars that are now going on.

A reasonable appraisal of our balance sheet of national strength and weakness, I think, would indicate that we can reasonably hope to fulfill the ideal of national policy which President Roosevelt announced in his Chautauqua speech of 1936, when he spoke of "defending ourselves and our neighborhood." We are not, however, strong enough to don crusading armor and go about the world looking for aggressors to slay, trying to put every obstreperous nation in Europe and in Asia in what we consider her proper place — not unless we wish to out-Hitler Hitler, to militarize ourselves from the cradle to the grave, to reorganize our economy along the most up-to-date, streamlined Fascist models of state control, primarily designed for war purposes.

The Judgment Seat

Omniscience is perhaps an even more flattering attribute than omnipotence. And it is sometimes suggested (by spokesmen of countries who would stand to gain if American man power and economic resources were again thrown into the scales of a European war) that American disinterested wisdom will be of incalculable value when the time comes to make peace.

It is hard to subject a compliment to suspicious scrutiny. But the historical record offers little support for the idea that America, once she has decided to enter a foreign war,

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retains much of the spirit of the cool, farsighted arbiter, capable of taking the long view of the years that will follow the war.

Those of us who are old enough to remember the World War will not forget that America, in many ways, sustained a worse attack of the silly sides of belligerence than the European countries who suffered so much more. We can remember the ministers of the Lord who went about shouting, "God damn the Kaiser!" simultaneously assuring their parishioners that they were not swearing. There were the "four-minute men" who made a practice of comparing Germans, en masse, to snakes — and then elaborately apologizing to the reptiles. There was Pittsburgh, which in the words of the newspaper headline, "banned Beethoven." We can remember the outrages (some of them unpleasantly similar to Nazi methods of dealing with political dissenters) which officially-encouraged mobs and brutal officers inflicted on "pro-Germans," a wide term which included groups ranging from religious pacifists to economic radicals. And nowhere was the naïve idea, so pathetically ironical in the light of subsequent history, that the world would live happily ever afterwards if it were only rid of the Kaiser and the "Potsdam gang" so unquestioningly accepted as in America.

If it were feasible, which of course it is not, to entrust the future ordering of Europe to the judgment of a neutral, impartial tribunal, I should choose Swedes, Dutch, Swiss, other nationals of small European states (if any remains extant) rather than Americans as judges. We are too young as a people to be fully grown up in international affairs. We have much more capacity for feeling than for thinking. And we are far too prone to see bogeymen, to think in terms of "menaces"— red, yellow, brown, black: all colors of the rainbow — which will devour us if they are not suppressed. A book on some alleged menace ranks second only to a work that offers a certified recipe for wealth and happiness in likelihood of being a best seller.

The Special Pleaders

It is entirely natural that the warring countries who know that they possess American emotional sympathy should endeavor, by more or less skillfully veiled propaganda to push us into giving more active support. In their place, we should do precisely the same thing. Who would not want an ally so wealthy, so powerful, and so uninterested in foreign territorial acquisitions as the United States? So, if Chinese on American lecture platforms paint a rather overdrawn picture of the consequences, for the United States, of Japanese expansion in the Far East; if British spokesmen present their country's case from one end of America to the other; if the British and French governments give out a decoration here and material for a sensational story there to deserving Americans, there is nothing in all this to warrant surprise or criticism.

What is open to criticism, I think, and on several counts, is the attitude of Americans who favor a policy of intervention in European quarrels.

Such advocacy was probably damped down, temporarily at least, by the unmistakably strong upsurge of public opinion in favor of our remaining at peace after the outbreak of the present war. Some of the officials and publicists who last spring were rather hopefully "resigned" to the "inevitability" of American participation in a European war may have modified their views in the light of the overwhelming trend of public opinion in the direction of noninvolvement.

But I think it would be a mistake for those Americans who believe that it is in their country's interest to remain strictly isolated from wars outside the Western Hemisphere to relax their watchfulness. The same warmongering chorus that helped get us into the World War — militant publicists and college professors, bellicose pastors, sensational journalists, hunters after bigger and better war profits, propagandists for foreign causes, honest sentimental sympathizers with some of the foreign warring countries — will swing into action again at the first opportunity. And there will be events that will shock our sensibilities much more than anything that has happened yet. All the more reason for clinging to a sheet anchor of reason and common sense, for keeping in mind the considerations which, in my opinion, constitute an unanswerable case against America's involvement in another European war.

First of all, it is useful to recall the results of America's participation in the World War. There was surely never a case when so com-

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plete a military victory was followed by such complete political frustration.

Whether America entered the World War to make the world safe for democracy or to vindicate her right, challenged by the German submarine warfare, to carry on unlimited trade with one group of belligerents, she most conspicuously failed to realize her objectives. Communism and Fascism, not democracy, were the political offspring of the World War. Europe might have been a far better place in which to live today if America had not entered the World War and thereby made possible a decisive victory for the Allied cause. Europe certainly could scarcely have been a worse place. "Might have beens" are futile. But Wilson himself, in a moment of keen psychological insight, put forward the ideal of "peace without victory." Such a peace, a compromise peace born of mutual exhaustion, might have been attained in 1917 if it had not been for the American intervention.

As for the rights of unlimited trade with belligerents, these have now been voluntarily waived by the American people themselves, convinced — most rightly, I think — that temporary war profits do not weigh in the balance against the human and material costs of war. Had the present neutrality act been in force in 1917, the German submarine campaign would have been no *casus belli*, since American ships and citizens would have been kept out of danger zones.

Incidentally, this act, which it is fashionable to sneer at in warmongering quarters, is a most intelligent and humane piece of legislation on behalf of the unknown soldiers who get killed, maimed, and gassed while generals and diplomats reap the glory. It is a credit to the intelligence and practicality of the democratic system. It should be cherished if only for the enemies it has made. Consider the record of a critic of the act and in nine cases out of ten you will find an individual or a newspaper at least halfway, sometimes more than halfway, committed to the idea that America should launch a new crusade.

Let's Fight for Ourselves

On the day when the war broke out, I happened to meet an ardent American interventionist in Paris. He was burning with desire to see his countrymen enter the fray. "We'll be in this, if men like me have anything to say about it," he announced, perhaps a little grandiloquently. "We could crack Hitler if we took five years to do it."

A good many Americans would meet death and disability in rather unpleasant ways before this particular five-year plan could be realized. This interventionist was an ardent anti-Fascist and was not a communist. Yet his remark suggested to me just the kind of a magnificent gesture (with other people's lives) that is so typical of the brutalitarian state. Stalin was sublimely indifferent to the number of peasants who had to die if the new serfdom of collective farming was securely to be clamped down. Hitler is not stingy with the lives of his own *Volksgenossen*, to say nothing of lesser breeds outside the Teutonic law, such as Jews, Poles, and Czechs.

Before we emulate this dictatorial lavishness it might be worth while to examine a little more critically the proposition, which is sometimes taken for granted, that America must come to the aid of Great Britain and France whenever these countries are engaged in a major war. From the American standpoint, this is clearly a "heads you win, tails I lose" proposition. There is no reciprocity about it. At no time since the War of the Revolution has America required or desired any foreign military aid.

The Americans of 1776 based a revolution on the slogan, "No taxation without representation." "No war without representation" would seem to be an equally reasonable principle. Could there be anything more monstrously unfair to the prospective rank-and-file American soldier — the Iowa farmer, the Detroit mechanic, the New England schoolteacher — than to make his life depend on the decision of some cabinet in London or Paris? Every people must necessarily pay for the sins and follies of its own government. But it is surely unreasonable to make Americans liable with their lives for the actions of foreign governments.

America is not responsible for the origins of the present war. America was not consulted when Great Britain and France decided to let Hitler tear up the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and to reoccupy the Rhineland. The American people had no influence on the abrupt British and French de-

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cision of March, 1939, to block further eastward expansion of the Third Reich — after the keys to eastern Europe had been thrown away by the previous decisions to let Hitler build his west wall and to annex the strategic Czechoslovak frontier districts. America had no concern with the British and French alliances with Poland. Suppose that, before the outbreak of hostilities, a plebiscite had been held in America on the simple question: Do you wish to fight for the maintenance of the integrity of Poland? Would 10 per cent of the ballots have given an affirmative reply? I doubt it.

Adventures in Futility

Another consideration that Americans should take into account before plunging into a European war for the second time within a generation is the problem of the postwar settlement. British and French statesmen have been studiously vague about defining concrete war objectives. There is an overwhelming popular conviction in France that the time has come to make an end of the German menace once for all. I have been living in Paris since last September and I know this to be true. Four Frenchmen out of five, I should guess, believe that France must have the Rhine frontier as the surest guarantee against future German attack. Only less articulate is the demand for breaking up Germany into the small states that existed before the unification of 1871. And it can be taken for granted that the revived Poland and Czechoslovakia which would be established as a result of an Anglo-French victory would get the benefit of every ethnological doubt in the drawing of their frontiers with Germany.

Now it certainly comes with an ill grace from Americans, in what I conceive to be their eminently reasonable and sensible attitude of isolation, to read holier-than-thou lectures to France on the virtues of moderation. Put in the Frenchman's place, the average American would probably be even more violent in his desire to smash Germany. The Germans will have only Hitler to thank if the jungle law of superior force which they invoked against Czechoslovakia and Poland is finally invoked against Germany.

But, while it is not America's business to prescribe peace terms from the safe security of the other side of the Atlantic, it is also emphatically not America's business to underwrite, guarantee, or enforce a new super-Versailles settlement, assuming that the present war ends in an Anglo-French victory. For, whatever may be said about the morality of blotting Germany off the political map of Europe, there is strong reason to doubt its feasibility. The first experiment in French hegemony in Europe, propped up by weak and brittle states in the eastern and southeastern part of the continent, ended in a fiasco. There is no reason to assume that a second experiment along the same lines will be any more successful.

There are strong grounds for fearing that Europe is already far advanced in that fatal vicious circle of wars and violent revolutions, each generating and accelerating the next, that has marked the fall of many great civilizations in the past. There is a most direct connection between the World War and communism and Fascism. And the unholy alliance of communism and Fascism, in turn, produced a second great European conflict within a generation. Such a process of internal disintegration is quite beyond the power of America or any other outside power to arrest or reverse.

America, after all, is not God.

Let America's destiny be to keep alight the flame of civilization that was lit in Europe and that may well be quenched there before the present vicious cycle has run its course. Let us keep clear of adventurous crusades which, after wasting our lives and substance, would inevitably end in futility and disillusionment. Let us be strong for the preservation of peace in our own hemisphere, in the regions where we can reasonably hope to make our military and naval and economic strength decisive. Let us shut our ears to the barrage of conscious and unconscious propaganda that will play on us with increasing force as Europe's death gamble, with its millions of human pawns, becomes increasingly desperate. Let us remember that, by every democratic and humanist standard, each individual American life is sacred and precious, to be sacrificed only if there is a *real, direct* threat to our own security and independence; that no such life is lightly to be thrown away in the interest of foreign powers. And let us never forget that war is the surest road to Fascism, to communism, to every form of the brutalitarian state.

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The French John Lewis

by **JACQUES MARÉCHAL**

ANY AMERICAN who has crossed the Atlantic on a French steamer will tell you that C.G.T. stands for the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, known here as the French Line. But any sailor aboard a French Line ship, asked the same question, will explain that C.G.T. means the Confédération Générale du Travail — the French Federation of Labor. And he will probably add: "We are five million strong now. Jouhaux is our leader."

At the time of the French general strike, in November, 1938, the headlines conveyed this second explanation to every American. As for Jouhaux, his picture appeared day after day on the front page of every big newspaper in the United States. Since that time, French labor has entered a critical stage of another sort — a war emergency in which labor organizations must give way in many of their cherished privileges before more urgent national needs. It is still Jouhaux, in these trying times, at the helm of the C.G.T.

Leon Jouhaux' father worked in a match factory. French match factories — a state monopoly — do not employ persons under sixteen years of age. For a long time young Leon impatiently waited for his sixteenth birthday. On July 1, 1895, his father solemnly took him through the factory gate, and for the first time the boy punched a press. France had one more match worker.

Less than three months later, on September 23, a large group of workingmen met at Limoges, a city famous for its pottery industry. They had come from all over France and represented thousands of their fellow workers. For a few days, they heartily discussed labor, capital, economics, and society. When finally they parted to go back to their faraway plants and mines, the Confédération Générale du Travail had been founded.

That year, 1895, proved an important one for both the C.G.T. and its future leader.

The labor movement in France waged a long fight before it won the right to organize, enacted into law in 1884. As for Jouhaux — during the first fifteen years of his life he gathered more experience than many an old man has known.

He was born in Paris, in 1879. His grandfather used to be a drummer in the Federated Army of the Paris Commune. His father had worked at the Vaugirard stockyards before he went to the match factory. Leon had a sister older than he, also two younger brothers. He went to a primary, then a professional, school but had to give up his studies at the age of twelve — to work. And work he did, at a locksmith's, in a soap factory, in a wallpaper factory. Later he returned to school, to stay there only nine months. A job in a match factory was awaiting him, and he was only too eager to seize this brilliant opportunity.

Forty years later, he was going to refuse a minister's post offered him by Premier Leon Blum.

II

THE C.G.T. AND Jouhaux had come of age the same year and were bound to meet. But the immediate reason for their coming together was not a particularly pleasant one. Young Jouhaux had engaged in political activities. At the end of the last century, that was considered a serious breach of discipline on the part of a worker. After a demonstration that Jouhaux had helped organize, the management dismissed him.

"I did every kind of odd job," Jouhaux says of the period which followed. "For some time I worked in sugar refineries. Then I switched to a fertilizer plant. I even worked as a docker, at the Port of La Villette."

In the meantime, the union had taken up his case and eventually had him reinstated at his former job. Jouhaux went back to the

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match factory — with a union card in his pocket.

He served with the Algerian Zouaves — but for a short time only. His father had become blind, as so many match workers do, and the family needed another breadwinner. Jouhaux went back to his press, experienced unemployment, worked for his union, accustomed himself to speaking at private and public gatherings with an ever increasing success.

Above all, he studied. He had to make up for his past, spent in the locksmith shop and the soap factory. He took courses at the Popular University, the Sorbonne, and even the School of Anthropology. He had a wide range of interests and was eager to acquaint himself with sociology and literature, with music and philosophy.

All his juvenile seriousness notwithstanding, Jouhaux was a passionate dancer and an excellent one at that. Those who are familiar with the bulky silhouette of the French labor leader would be surprised to learn that thirty-five years ago he was trim and slim and had no equal in the field of waltz *chaloupée*, and polka. His tiny beard and big mustache, his puffed trousers and large black bow tie were popular in every workers' ballroom of Aubervilliers, a Paris suburb.

There he lived, in a huge dwelling nicknamed the Barracks and inhabited by workers and antimilitarists. In summer, at night, the numerous Italian lodgers used to meet in the dark courtyard to play the guitar, the accordion, and the mandolin. The trade unionists in the house all knew one another and came together almost every evening. They passionately discussed anarchy and Utopia, primitive history and future society, strikes and music, and the Dreyfus affair, which at that time was dividing France into two enemy camps. When the discussions became too hot and the tobacco smoke too thick, they stopped arguing and asked Jouhaux to sing. He sang beautifully. When he had gone through his repertoire, they called it a day.

From this period, Jouhaux retained a dislike for useless discussions and a powerful and melodious voice; when, at the C.G.T.'s conventions, he strikes up the "Internationale" nobody can help admiring him. "Today he sings less then he used to," one of his oldest friends told me sadly.

In 1906, the young match worker was elected a delegate to the National Confederal Committee, the governing body of the C.G.T. Every night he had to speak at some meeting. He still lived and worked at Aubervilliers. The Parisian system of transportation was not what it is today — Jouhaux had to walk to the gates of Paris and there take an old omnibus dragged by horses. The trip lasted over an hour. By the time the meeting was over, there would be no more buses running, and Jouhaux would have to walk home. The next morning, at sunrise, he punched his press again.

After three years of daily work and nightly walks, Jouhaux was made Treasurer of the Federation. A few months later, the General Secretary of the C.G.T. (its highest official, since it never has had a president) had to quit. Who was going to succeed him? Griffuelhes, one of the founders of the organization, suggested the name of the young treasurer, whom he considered clever and self-possessed, capable and efficient. And, in 1909, Leon Jouhaux was elected General Secretary. He was twenty-nine years old.

III

THE C.G.T. AT THAT time had a few hundred thousand members scattered all over France and her colonies. Its program had been formulated in 1906, at Amiens. Today, thirty-five years later, this so-called Amiens Chart still is the basic rule of the French labor movement:

> The C.G.T. unites, independently of all political schools, all the workers who are conscious of the struggle to be carried on for the disappearance of the wage system. . . . This declaration is a recognition of the class struggle which, on an economic basis, places the workers in revolt against all forms of exploitation and oppression, material and moral, put into operation by the capitalist class against the working class. . . . So far as individuals are concerned, the convention declares entire liberty for every unionist to participate, outside of the trade organization, in any form of struggle which corresponds to his philosophical or political ideas, confining itself only to asking him, in return, not to introduce into the union the opinions which he professes outside of it.

Way back in the 'nineties, the C.G.T. strongly opposed the interference of politics in the field of unionism. Even today, some of its members consider that the organization must keep away from political struggles and

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wage its own fight on a purely economic ground. However, the French workers could not help noticing that social reaction usually coincides with political reaction. Actually, the C.G.T., without openly committing itself to any party, consistently favored those which in their turn proved to favor organized labor. As for the unionized workers themselves — before the World War they were strongly influenced by anarchist theories, but since 1918 have cast their ballots with a very few exceptions for the Socialists and the now illegal Communists. The A. F. of L. tradition of rewarding your friends, even if they happen to be reactionaries, is quite unheard-of in France.

Likewise, the C.G.T. has renounced its former anarchist viewpoint: instead of opposing any form of government and advocating the so-called "direct action," it chose to use its ever growing influence to improve social conditions by legal and parliamentary means. In 1936, it was the strongest single factor in the formation of the People's Front, and, thus directly co-operating with the left political parties, demonstrated that in its opinion economics is inseparable from politics. Today, Jouhaux has denounced the Communists for their truce with the Nazis. While the official policy of the C.G.T. is that French labor must submerge partisanship in the fight for national existence, one may presume that, given an Allied victory in the war, the left-wing tendencies of French labor will lose no time in reasserting themselves.

As for the internal organization of the C.G.T. — it had to solve, twenty-five years before American labor tackled the question, the eternal problem of craft vs. industrial unionism. And this is what Jouhaux has to say about it:

> The French trade unions decided in favor of consolidation of different crafts, sometimes very close to each other. They did it for several reasons, the strongest of which proceeds from the very necessities of labor activities. . . . They repudiated craft unionism for a larger grouping in which the corporate prejudices are bound to melt and disappear.

Today French unionized labor is divided into scores of large federations, each including a given industry or group of correlated industries. For instance, the Federation of Chemical Industries comprises rubber, oil, fertilizer, chemical, perfumery, and many other classes of workers. The Federation of the Subsoil has under its jurisdiction all mining industries. The Federation of Means of Transportation takes in bus, streetcar, and subway workers, the civil aviation personnel, chauffeurs, taxi drivers, truckers, etc., an exception being the railway workers, who have a union of their own. An even better example is offered by the Federation of Entertainment, whose membership embraces everyone working in the fields of theatre, moving pictures and radio broadcasting — from the highest paid star all the way down to the stagehand.

Each federation enjoys complete independence, provided it abides by the general principles of the C.G.T. There is no distinction between skilled and unskilled labor. The dues are usually very low. If the Union of Officers of Merchant Marine asks for a hundred francs a year ($2.65), the Federation of Ports and Docks is satisfied with monthly dues of one franc (a little over two and a half cents), and so is a majority of the unions.

This strongly centralized setup is supplemented by another equally strong decentralized one. Within each *département* (administrative subdivision of France), all local unions form a central body called Union Départementale (U.D.). Whereas the federations direct the general activities of unionized labor on a national scale, the U.D. are entrusted with administrative duties and the co-ordination of local activities.

The federations and the U.D. send one delegate each to the National Confederal Committee, which convenes at least twice a year, administers the C.G.T., and elects the members of the latter's governing bodies — the Administrative Commission and the Confederal Bureau, whose General Secretary is Leon Jouhaux, assisted by six associated secretaries and a treasurer. The conventions where the rank and file is directly represented determine the most important questions and enjoy total sovereignty.

The C.G.T. owns numerous hospitals, clinics, sanitariums, summer colonies for members' children, libraries, etc. (The Federation of Metal Workers recently bought an ancient castle where its members in need of a rest can spend a few weeks free of charge.) It publishes a daily newspaper, *Le Peuple*, and many weekly and monthly magazines (besides, almost every

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federation has its own organ) and has a university attended by about ten thousand students.

Today the C.G.T. is the largest of all French organizations. Its five million members are far from being a myth. Since this figure has been frequently questioned, we have listed below the sixteen most important federations, with their respective membership:

Metal trades	800,000
Building trades	500,000
Railways	350,000
Textiles	350,000
Mining trades	300,000
Food industries	300,000
Civil service	280,000
Municipal workers	200,000
Office workers, salesclerks	200,000
Agricultural workers	180,000
Chemical industries	170,000
Transportation	150,000
Ports and docks	100,000
Postal, telegraph, telephone	100,000
State workers (arsenals, etc.)	100,000
Wood industries	100,000
Total	4,180,000

Twenty-four smaller Federations, grouping from 3,000 to 85,000 workers each, put the total membership of the C.G.T. at five million.

IV

When Jouhaux became its General Secretary, the C.G.T. was already strong and well organized, but it was desperately poor. In 1908, its total yearly income, if calculated in prewar parity, had been but slightly over $4,000, substantially more than the $500 collected in 1902 but still not enough to meet all expenses. And that is why Leon Jouhaux was sent to prison for the first and only time in his life.

That happened in 1912. The C.G.T. had just issued new placards and was going to post them on the walls of Paris. Now in France each such poster must bear a tax stamp. Stamps meant money, and money was scarce. The posters appeared unstamped. The tax collector sued the C.G.T. and secured an eight-day sentence against its leader.

Jouhaux did not consider the threat very seriously, until one morning detectives came to take him to jail. He asked them to let him inform his friends. They went all together to the office of the union newspaper, then to a restaurant, where the labor leaders lunched in one room, the policemen in the next. That night, Jouhaux was alone in his cell.

When he left the jail, a week later, his only comment was: "I never was so bored in my life."

From this time on, the personal life of Jouhaux and the history of the C.G.T. are so intimately interwoven that to relate the one is to tell the other. Thus, when someone asks the French labor leader about the highlights of his biography, he usually answers:

"Well, there has been the struggle for the eight-hour working day. It lasted thirteen years, but eventually we won."

"And what else?"

"What else? The World War, of course, and now the war against Hitler."

"But what about yourself?"

"Let me mention the split within our ranks, in 1921, the fifteen-year-long existence of two rival federations, and finally their reunion in 1936."

"Isn't there something else?"

"You probably mean the Plan, the Plan of the C.G.T.?"

As a rule Jouhaux is not talkative. What he does not mention is, for instance, the telegram he sent, on July 31, 1914, to Legien, head of the German trade unions, urging him immediately to organize joint antiwar demonstrations; he never received an answer. He does not mention either his own activity during that war, as a member of the Labor Committee of the Ministry of Munitions, of the Commission of Foreign Labor and several other governmental bodies, and as a speaker on behalf of national defense. Likewise, he never emphasizes his own role in the drafting of the Plan of the C.G.T., a broad program of economic and social reform, in many respects similar to the New Deal. Numerous items in it — the forty hour week, the paid vacations, the right of collective bargaining, the nationalization of the Bank of France, etc. — were enacted into law by the Chamber of Deputies in 1936.

The Plan of the C.G.T. aims at structural changes in the present body economic. It divides the economy into two sections, the private and the socialized, the latter comprising the credit system and the industries sufficiently consolidated to form factual monopolies (as, for instance, electricity, mines, insurance, etc.). An Economic Council composed of representatives of owners, workers, and consumers would permanently control these in-

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dustries and plan the development of the national economy.

V

JOUHAUX LOVES traveling, and he travels continually. He always carries in his pocket various time tables which he can quote extemporaneously. Even the porter of the KDW Travel Bureau, in pre-Hitler Berlin, who knew all the train schedules by heart, had to admit that Jouhaux was the best amateur time-table reader he had ever met. The French labor leader has still another talent: however inconvenient his trip may be, he sleeps all the way through. His friends have noticed that he always is in highest spirits when getting off a train or an airplane.

His trips have taken Jouhaux all over the world, and, though he speaks only French, never did he experience the slightest difficulty. Strange as it may seem, he apparently understands foreign languages without having ever learned them — those who addressed him in English during his stay in the United States noticed that Jouhaux was always able to reply intelligently in French.

Strangely enough, up to 1936, the French border was the only place where Jouhaux always argued, shouted, and became excited. At that time, French labor was split into two federations, and the customs-house officers belonged not to the C.G.T. but to the rival organization. Of course, they never failed minutely to search Jouhaux' luggage, inspecting every handkerchief and claiming duty for every extra ounce of tobacco. Today there is but one C.G.T. in France, and its leader has nothing to fear from his customs-house comrades.

Jouhaux, when not traveling, usually may be found in the C.G.T. building, 211 Rue Lafayette, in Paris. He has his office on the sixth floor. A plate on the door is marked just JOUHAUX. Inside, a man is seated behind a large table. He is very tall and broad-shouldered: everyone who sees him remembers that he used to be a docker. He makes few gestures, and these are swift and precise: his training in the match factory is not altogether lost. He speaks little, in monosyllables, but without hesitation, as one used to making important decisions. Whether listening to what a caller has to say or giving an opinion of his own, whether reading (he reads a great deal) or writing (he has written many books and regularly contributes to the C.G.T. press), he smokes without interruption. He stops only to strike a match and relight his pipe. During his life he has certainly used more matches than he was ever able to manufacture at the factory in his youth.

It is not difficult to acquaint oneself with Leon Jouhaux as the leader of the C.G.T. — his acts belong to the history of France and French labor. Nor is it hard to learn to know him as the theoretician of trade unionism — his books are to be found on the shelves of every library.

But what about the man himself?

It is useless to try to question him. As a matter of fact, this famous orator is unusually taciturn. That is, his favorite expression — and when I call it "expression" I obviously exaggerate — is a short, nondescript sound originated in the depths of the throat. Even a professor of phonetics would be unable to transcribe this gurgle or sudden cough. The amazing part of it, though, is that Jouhaux succeeds in conveying through this medium the most various feelings and opinions. More than once a visitor, leaving his office in high spirits (or, perhaps, scared to death), when asked what happened, has answered: "Well, you know, he said, 'Huwm.'"

Next to "huwm" comes a forty-five minute speech, perfectly constructed according to all the requirements of grammar, syntax, and rhetoric. If Jouhaux is not gurgling or discoursing, he remains silent. And it goes without saying that Leon Jouhaux' speeches in public never refer to the private life of Leon Jouhaux.

His friends are far from being a better source of information. I tried to question some old trade unionists who have worked with Jouhaux since the beginning of this century — with practically no results. I learned that he has no hobbies, though he likes paintings; his office and his apartment are full of them. As for his pipe smoking, I was told, far from being just a habit, it is for Jouhaux a vital necessity.

One day, I went to see one of Jouhaux' best friends. He was willing to oblige and told me that Jouhaux had been married and had a son who had been killed a few months previously in a motor accident. That I knew already.

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When I asked for further details, my informant thought very hard; eventually he said: "Well, Jouhaux has rheumatism. And he doesn't like it, either."

Leon Jouhaux seems to be one of the very rare, almost unique, people who have no personal history whatsoever. They eat and sleep to keep themselves alive but they live for the cause with which they have identified themselves. They may seem somewhat inhuman, yet they never fail to achieve their utterly impersonal ambitions. The ambition of Jouhaux may be expressed in three letters: C.G.T. His future biographers will have no choice but to write the history of French trade unionism in the twentieth century.

If the C.G.T. may stand for Jouhaux, the opposite would be untrue. No man can achieve single-handed such a gigantic task as to melt five million human beings into one solid body. French workers have had and still have many prominent leaders; and, among the assistants of Jouhaux, certain men enjoy a tremendous popularity. The point is that the C.G.T. never was and is not bossed by one person: leaders pass, but the organization remains.

In an early issue:

the story of the giant

Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union,

told by Mary Heaton Vorse

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (*a*) *enable newspapermen to take advanced work* [Planned to help elevate standards of journalism.]
2. (*b*) *Daniel Webster Hoan* [New Mayor is Carl F. Zeidler.]
3. (*d*) *manganese* [Used in making steel. Because of low costs, 95 per cent of our supply come from African Gold Coast, the U. S. S. R., and India, but a source of supply in Cuba is now being reworked. Low-grade manganese exists in Montana and California, where it was mined during the World War.]
4. (*c*) *the thrust to the east*
5. (*c*) *cyclotron* [A valuable medical feature of the cyclotron is that, through it, minute particles can be made radioactive and used harmlessly to study the path or distribution of drugs administered for goiter, etc.]
6. (*a*) *a colloquialism* [That's what the usage books say, but the Quiz Editor remains neutral in this dynamite-laden controversy.]
7. (*a*) *Inonu* [Ismet Inonu is the President, successor to Ataturk. Yonai is Premier of Japan. Ibn Saud is ruler of Saudi Arabia.]
8. (*c*) *the Earl of Athlone* [An uncle of George VI, he served in a similar capacity in South Africa.]
9. (*b*) *Of Mice and Men* [By John Steinbeck; Viking, $2.00.]
10. (*a*) *Boris Shaposhnikov* [See April FORUM.]
11. (*c*) *Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.*
12. *phillanderer* [Should be "philanderer."]
13. (*c*) *An ichthyologist studies fish.*
14. (*d*) *Sir Nevile Henderson* [From *Failure of a Mission;* Putnam, $3.50.]
15. (*c*) *New York Yankees* [They have won it four successive years.]
16. (*c*) *be born within sound of Bow Bells* [St. Mary le Bow, or Bow Church, got its name as first church in London built with "bows" (arches). Tradition says its bells called Dick Whittington back three times to be Lord Mayor.]
17. (*c*) *Towne and Baker* [They have made a great deal of money and have lived up to their legend.]
18. (*a*) *a five-day treatment for syphilis* [Standard treatment requires an almost indefinite period; and many sufferers, when outward symptoms vanish, give it up and become liable to recurrence.]
19. (*a*) *Uncle Tom's Cabin* [Impossible to estimate total number of performances. For decades there were several companies touring at the same time.]
20. (*c*) *nobody knows how old* [Many thousands of years, anyway.]
21. (*c*) *Roy Harris is an up-and-coming U. S. composer.* [This Oklahoman's works have been played by the Boston Symphony and Toscanini's NBC Symphony and recorded by Victor. As for answer (*b*): actuarial tables predict only averages; if the insurance company is right in your case, this is a coincidence, though not a remarkable one.]
22. (*c*) *nine* [Eight oarsmen, one coxswain.]
23. (*a*) *Ninety-five per cent of the world's telephones are in the United States.* [False; the correct figure is about 50 per cent.]
24. (*c*) *15 feet* [Recently attained by Cornelius Warmerdam, in California.]
25. (*d*) *The Quiz Editor doesn't know.* [Certainly not (*a*) or (*b*).]

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